CHRIST
LUTHERAN CHURCH

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"The Church You Can't Forget"

June 1933 Volume 8, Number 38

ON ENTERING CHURCH

Love built this shrine; those hallowed walls uprose
To give seclusion from the hurrying throng,
From tumult of the street, complaint and wrong,
From rivalry and strife, from taunt of foes—
If foes thou hast. On silent feet come in,
Bow low in penitence. Whoe'er thou art,
Thou, too, hast sinned. Uplift in prayer thy heart.
Thy Father's blessing waiteth. Read within
This holy place, in pictured light portrayed,
The character of worthies who, from years
Long past, still speak the message here displayed
In universal language not to fade.
Leave then thy burden, all thy cares and fears;
Faith, hope and love are thine, for thou hast prayed.

—*John Davidson*

"I Was Glad When They Said
Unto Me, Let Us Go Into The House Of The Lord"

The Programs of Worship For June

11 A. M.	8 P. M.
Organ Prelude	Organ Prelude
Processional Hymn	Processional Hymn
The Service	The Service
The Epistle	Anthem
The Gospel	Scripture
Prayer	Prayer
Announcements	Announcements
Offering	Anthem
Anthem	Offering
Hymn	Hymn
Sermon	Sermon
Hymn	Hymn
Benediction	Benediction
Silent Prayer	Silent Prayer
Postlude	Postlude

SERMON SUBJECTS FOR JUNE

11 A. M.	8 P. M.
June 4—"The Meaning of Pentecost"	"The Blessedness of Being Handicapped"
June 11—"The Gift of Life" (Memorial Service)	"How God Calls"
June 18—Father's Day Service	"The Wayside Flower"
June 25—Holy Communion	"The Christian's Native Air"

COMMUNION SERVICE—JUNE 25th

On Sunday Morning, June 25th, at 10:30 A. M., our Spring Communion Service will be held. It is our earnest desire that all members of our congregation avail themselves of this privilege. There will be no Communion Service in the evening so we trust all can arrange to attend the Morning Service. Kindly fill in each blank on the Communion card, so that our records may be complete.

PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1933

Sunday—June 4th

The Children's Church will hold the last service for the season in the Parish House today from 11 to 11:30 A. M. Mr. Howard Walker will speak.

The Luther League will close with an Open Air Meeting in Federal Hill Park tonight at 7 P. M. Dr. John N. Link, Pastor of Starr M. E. Church, will be the guest speaker, with Mr. Howard Walker presiding. Special Music by Miss Lydia Spielman and Mr. Charles Hindle. Miss Dorothy Schmidt will recite. Our congregation is invited.

Ladies' Society—June 5th

The Monthly Meeting of the Ladies Society will be held on Monday evening, June 6th, at 8 P. M. A Playlet, "Twelve Old Maids", will be presented by a group of Mothers from Montebello School, which promises to be very amusing. Refreshments will be served. Donations of cake will be greatly appreciated.

Jolly Acres—June 10th

The Dedication of Jolly Acres will take place on Saturday, June 10th, at 2:30 P. M. Dr. J. E. Harms, President of the Maryland Synod, will deliver the address. Buses will leave the Hospice promptly at 1:30 and reservations must be made by June 5th. The round trip fare is 50 cents. (Call Inner Mission Office—Vernon 1388). Take your box lunch and buy your ice cream, pie, coffee or soft drinks on the grounds.

Children's Day—June 11th

The Annual Children's Day Service will be held in the Church Auditorium on Sunday, June 11th, at 9:30 A. M. An interesting program will be presented and the early hour of this service will permit us to retain our regular congregational worship at 11 o'clock.

Tolchester Excursion—June 13th

Our members and friends are invited to join us on our Excursion on Tuesday, June 13th. The boats will leave Pier 16, Light Street, at 8:45 A. M., 2:15 and 8:00 P. M. The new steamer "TOLCHESTER" promises to make the trip doubly interesting this year and we hope to have a great crowd for the occasion. Secure your tickets from the Circle Officers or in the Church Office. The price is 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children under twelve. Your cooperation in this undertaking will be greatly appreciated.

Mother's Club—June 15th

The last meeting of the season for the Mother's Club will be held on Thursday, June 15th, at 8 P. M. Miss May Richardson of the Cornerstone Kindergarten will give an illustrated lecture on "Teaching Religion to the Small Child". This should be a special treat for every mother. Social and refreshments.

Sunday School Picnic—June 22nd

The Annual Sunday School Picnic will be held in Druid Hill Park on Thursday, June 22nd, in Grove 10 and Council Grove. The Committee in charge has arranged games for all ages between 1 and 6 P. M. Plan to enjoy that day in the great out-of-doors.

DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL—JUNE 19th—JULY 7th

The cooperation of our parents is earnestly requested for our Vacation Bible School this summer. The following faculty, under the direction of Rev. Roy L. Sloop, is prepared to give your children excellent religious instruction: Misses Emma Weaver, Ruth Breidenbach, Florence Rink, Dorothy Schmidt, Luella Klug, Ruth Dunwoody, Margaret Heinzerling, Mary Propst and Messrs. Howard Walker and Charles Haslup. It will be a pleasure to enroll your children for this School from June 19th—July 7th.

PREACHING SCHEDULE FOR JULY AND AUGUST

8:45 A. M.	11:00 A. M.
July 2—Rev. Roy L. Sloop	Rev. Roy L. Sloop
July 9—Rev. Roy L. Sloop	Dr. L. M. Zimmerman
July 16—Dr. Oscar F. Blackwelder	Dr. Oscar F. Blackwelder
July 23—Dr. Oscar F. Blackwelder	Dr. Oscar F. Blackwelder
July 30—Rev. Roy L. Sloop	Dr. L. M. Zimmerman
August 6—Dr. O. F. Blackwelder	Dr. Oscar F. Blackwelder
August 13—Dr. O. F. Blackwelder	Dr. Oscar F. Blackwelder
August 20—Rev. Roy L. Sloop	Rev. Roy L. Sloop
August 27—Rev. Roy L. Sloop	Rev. Roy L. Sloop

MINISTERIAL ACTS

INFANT BAPTISMS

Robert Warren Kummer, Severn, Maryland
Phyllis Grace Hull, 923 Ramsey Street
Lillian Marie Springer, 1628 Belt Street

WEDDING

Mr. William Edward Robbins and Miss Lorraine Elizabeth Jones, 1306 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

FUNERALS

Mr. Vernon Henry Young, 3607 Howard Park Avenue
Mr. John Martin, 3207 Rosekemp Avenue
Mr. John Geisz, 3710 Manchester Avenue

Every Blessing.

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1887 THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY 1917

Christ English Lutheran Church

It was 30 years ago that an All-Wise Father first directed my footsteps among the good people of Baltimore, to labor in their cause and the cause of His household. Whatever measure of success that I may have achieved in that time must be attributed to two direct causes: First—God Himself. Secondly—to YOU. For without the Grace of God I should never have been among you, and without your love and aid and sympathy could have accomplished nothing.

As in retrospect I look back upon that long human span of years my heart goes out in full love to my faithful friends and servitors of God. In my darkest hours I always have been comforted by the pleasing thought that you—both as a congregation and individually—were willing to stand shoulder to shoulder with me alike in times of adversity and of fruitfulness. Ever have our relations been of that splendid character which has served to bring forth God's richest blessings both on your pastor and yourself.

So, as a material and spiritual recognition of the grace of God during these 30 years, we shall hold a Thirtieth Anniversary on next Sunday morning, December 16, at 11 o'clock. We want you to come and help to make it a service that long will be remembered by those who participate therein. We want you

to help bring forth a manifestation of the Divine spirit that will be so glorious that none shall fail to feel its beneficence. That you will cheerfully do your part I doubt not.

At the same time let us not forget that glorious season is at hand which magnifies and makes doubly hallowed the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. As the Three Wise Men were guided by a strangely luminous star to the side of the Christ Child, so let our refulgent star of hope direct us to Him, that we may all give thanks for the manifold blessings that have been ours for the past 12 months. "On earth, peace; good-will toward men." Let that ever be our dominant thought, our fervent prayer. Let us pray that the hateful spirit of Moloch, which prompts brother to slaughter brother, may soon be in the minds of men but a hideous memory. For then can we say in a spirit that is less of earth and more of Heaven,

"A Merry Christmas, friends, and a Happy New Year."

This is the wish of your pastor. It is the will of Christ.

Lovingly and affectionately,

Your friend and pastor,

L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.

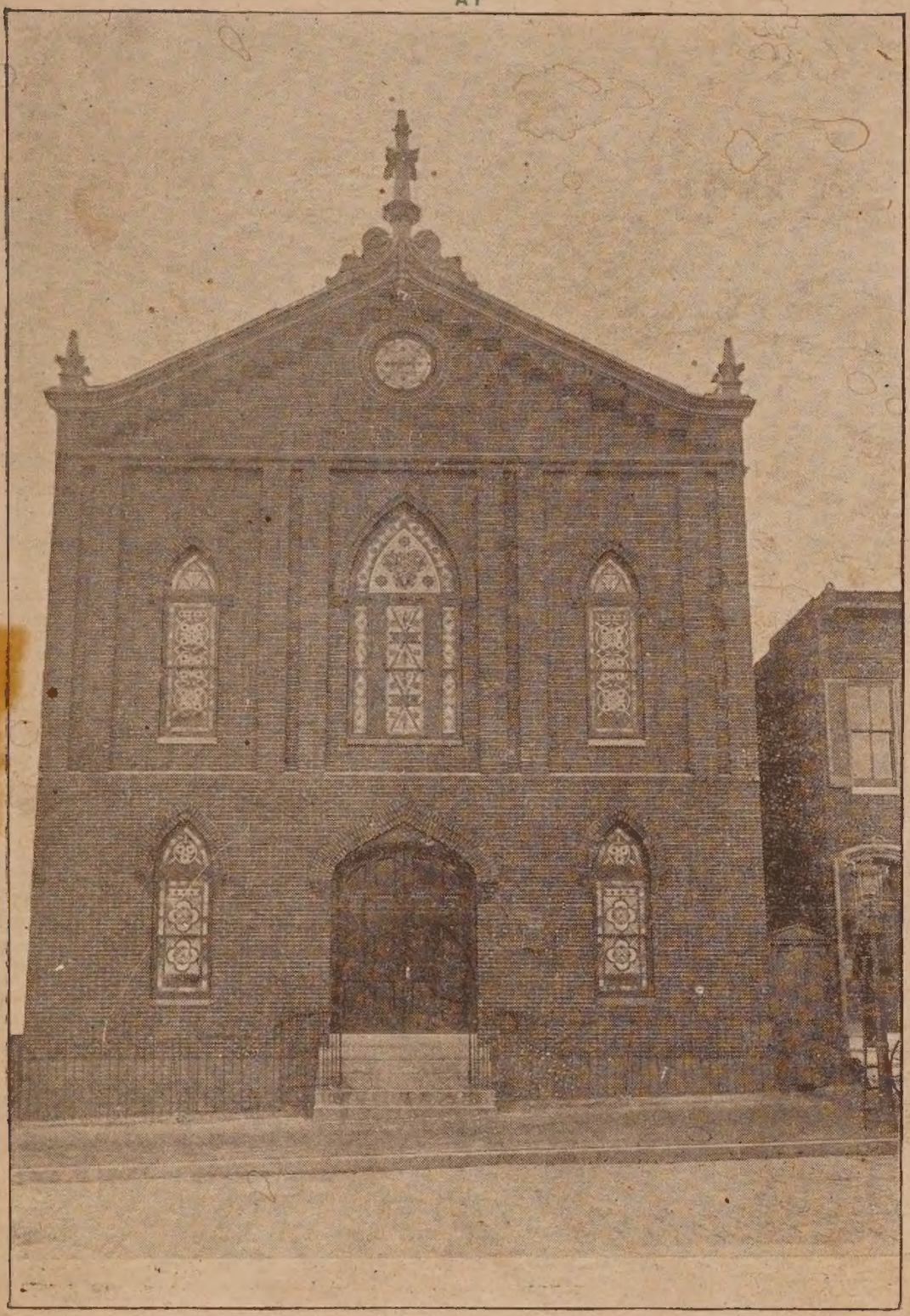
Dec. 11, 1917.

NOTE--PREPARATORY SERVICES JAN. 4TH, 8 P. M.

LORD'S SUPPER JANUARY 6TH, 10.30 A. M.

Reconsecrating Services

AT



Christ English Lutheran Church,

Rev. L. M. ZIMMERMAN, A. M., Pastor.

BALTIMORE, MD.

GUGGENHEIMER WEIL, PRS., BALTO

1894.

Historical.

Christ English Luthern Church was organized in "Triumph Hall," on Sunday, February 5th, 1888. On the 25th of November, of the same year, the congregation dedicated the present church as their home. On the first of December, or one year from the time the work was first begun, the church declared itself self-supporting. Three years later the Sunday School Room was enlarged, by the building of the Infant Department. In January, 1892, or within four years from the organization of the church, all indebtedness was paid, and the church free from debt. In the spring of 1894 it was decided to remodel and enlarge the church, and rebuild the house adjoining the church. The following were then appointed as the Building Committee: Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, Chairman; Messrs. J. M. Herrman, A. H. Weaver, H. N. Richers, I. H. Robertson, J. A. Sohl and W. H. Taylor. The church has been remodeled to the extension of the church twenty-two feet. A gallery built at the south end of the church to correspond to that of the north end. The latter gallery was extended seven feet. A recess of thirty-two feet by fourteen was cut in on the east side of the church. The front of the church was also improved to the putting in of Gothic Windows and Doors, and the addition of a heavy Cornice and Tower with smaller Columns.

Memorials and Gifts.

The following Memorials and Gifts, which includes the entire furnishing of the church, were secured by the Pastor *independent* of the regular subscriptions to the church.

Windows.

Miss Jennie Dorr, two windows, one in memory of her father, C. Dorr, and the other in memory of her mother, M. I. Dorr.

Mrs. Amelia Melton and Mrs. Elizabeth Holler, one window in memory of their mother, D. Holler.

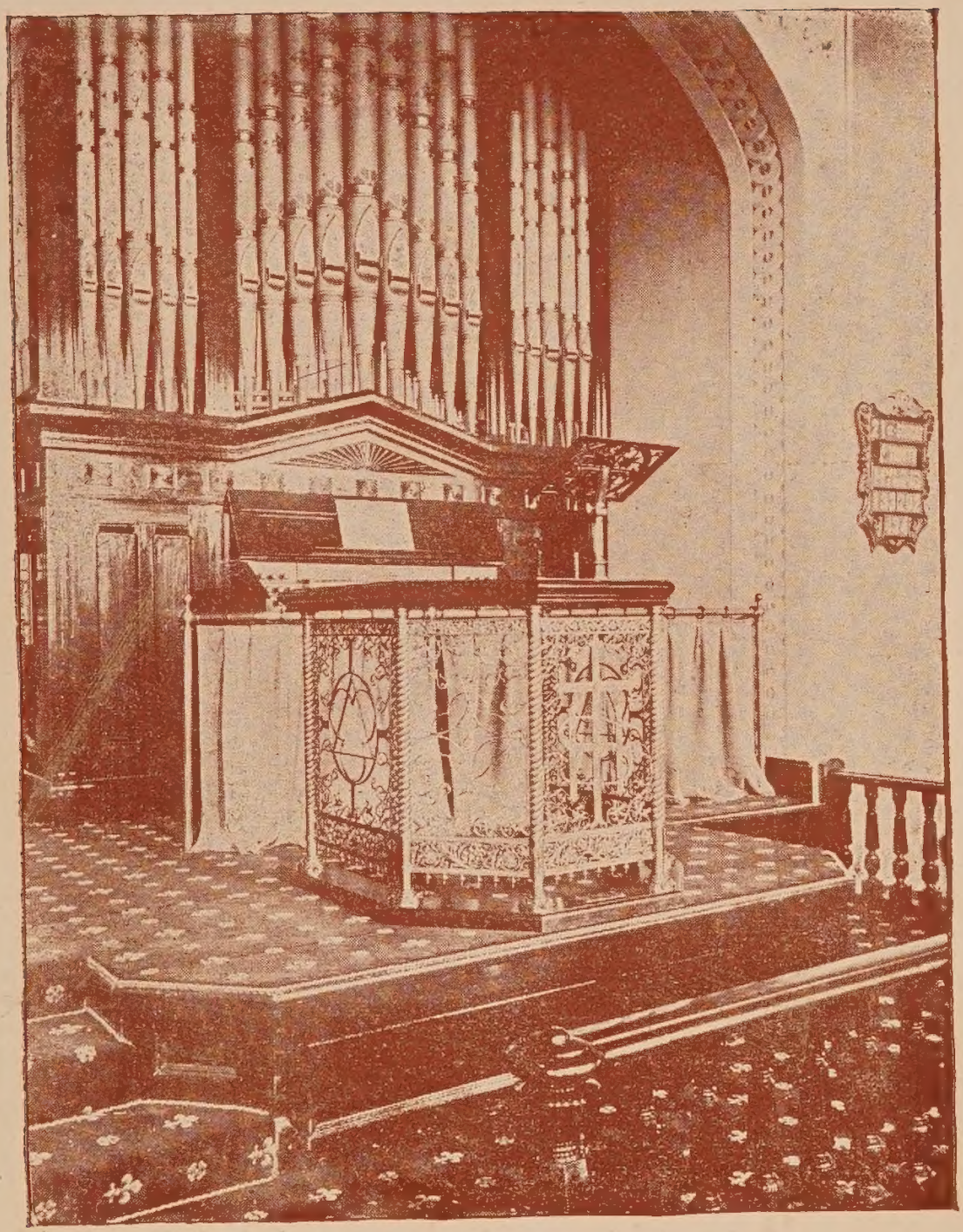
Mr. Henry N. Richers, one window in memory of his father, Nicholas Richers.

Misses Hannah, Etta and Mr. Wm. Broening, one window in memory of their brother, George J. Broening.

Dr. Edwin Zimmerman, one window in memory of his mother, Laah Zimmerman.

Miss Carrie Rosenbrock, one window in memory of her mother, Annie Rosenbrock.

Mr. Jere Carl, one window in memory of his son, Charles W. Carl.



Memorials and Gifts—*Continued.*

Mrs. Margaret Goetz, one window in memory of her husband, J. G. Goetz.

Mr. and Mrs. George Waldkoenig, Misses Lizzie and Louisa Waldkoenig, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Weller, the large front window, in memory of Mrs. Louisa Waldkoenig and daughter Emma.

Mr. Daniel Mohr, one front window in memory of his daughter, Lottie C. Mohr.

Miss Amelia Lentz, one front window in memory of her father, C. Lentz.

One window was presented by the Pastor.

The Building Committee presented a window.

H. Pierson (The Builder) gave the small front window.

Two front windows are gifts of the Sunday School; also the cornice and columns on the front of the church.

Altar and Reredos.

The Walnut Reredos is the gift of Miss Jennie Dorr, in memory of her brother, Edward Dorr.

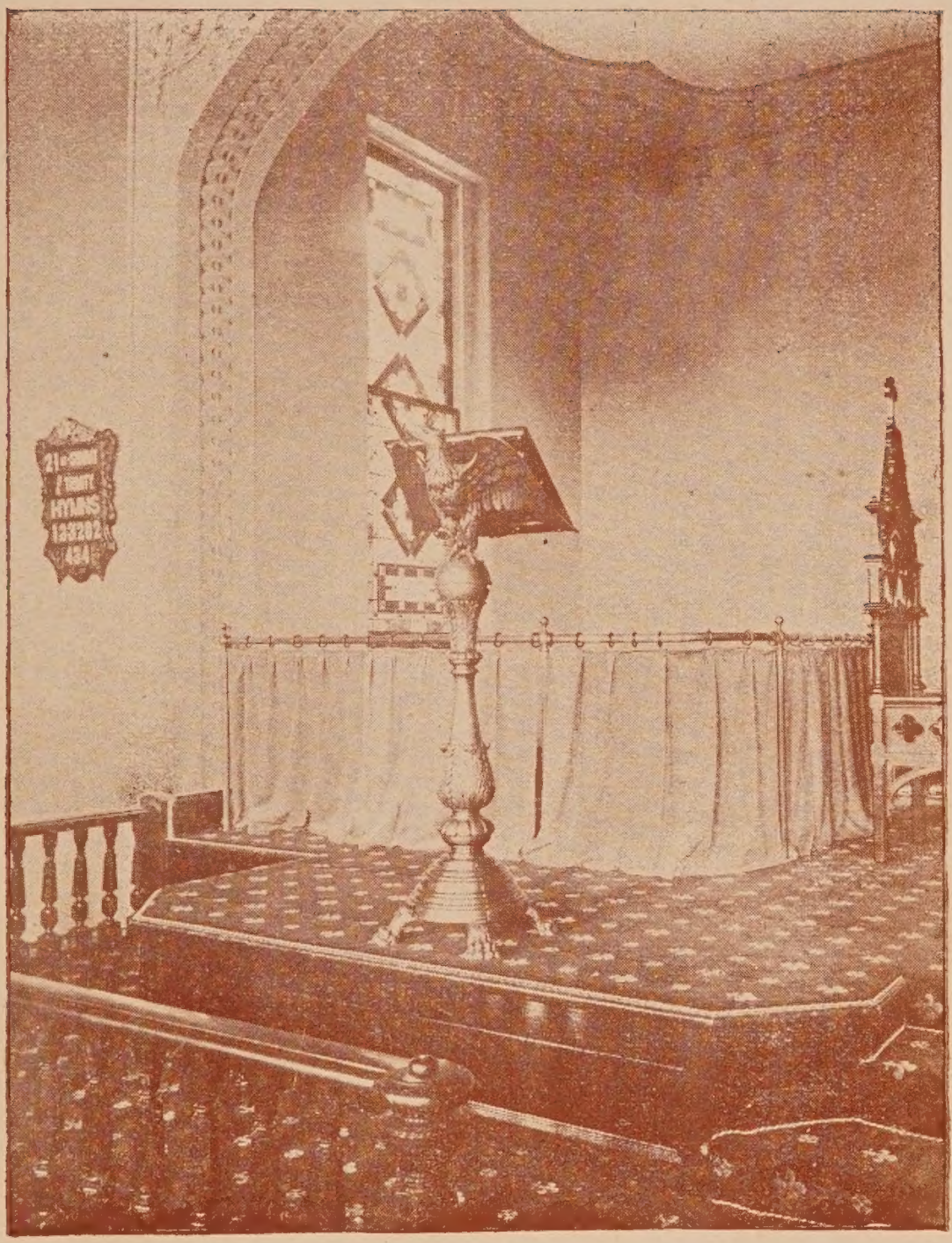
The corresponding Altar is the gift of Mr. Henry N. Richers.

Altar Decorations.

The Two Cast Brass hand chased Altar Vases were given, one by Rev. A. H. Zimmerman, in memory of his wife, Alice Zimmerman; the other is a gift of a friend.

The Altar Desk is the gift of Mrs. Susan Ferry.

The Altar Linen for Communion (consisting of the Corporal, Sacramental Cover, two Chalice Veils, Fair Linen



Scarf, two Paten Covers and two Purificators) is the gift of Christin Schroeder, in memory of his mother, Christine Schroeder.

The White Altar Cloth is the gift of Mrs. Emma Weaver; the Red the gift of Mrs. Amelia Smith; the Violet is the gift of Mrs. Carrie Taylor, in memory of her mother, Mrs. Annie E. Schaefer. And jointly these three ladies gave the Black and Green Cloths.

PULPIT AND CHAIRS.

An Antique Bronze Pulpit with Gospel Emblems is the gift of Mrs. Ida Bockelman.

The two Pulpit Chairs, corresponding to the Reredos and Altar, are the gifts of Mrs. Margaret Goetz and Mrs. Minne Booth.

BAPTISMAL FONT.

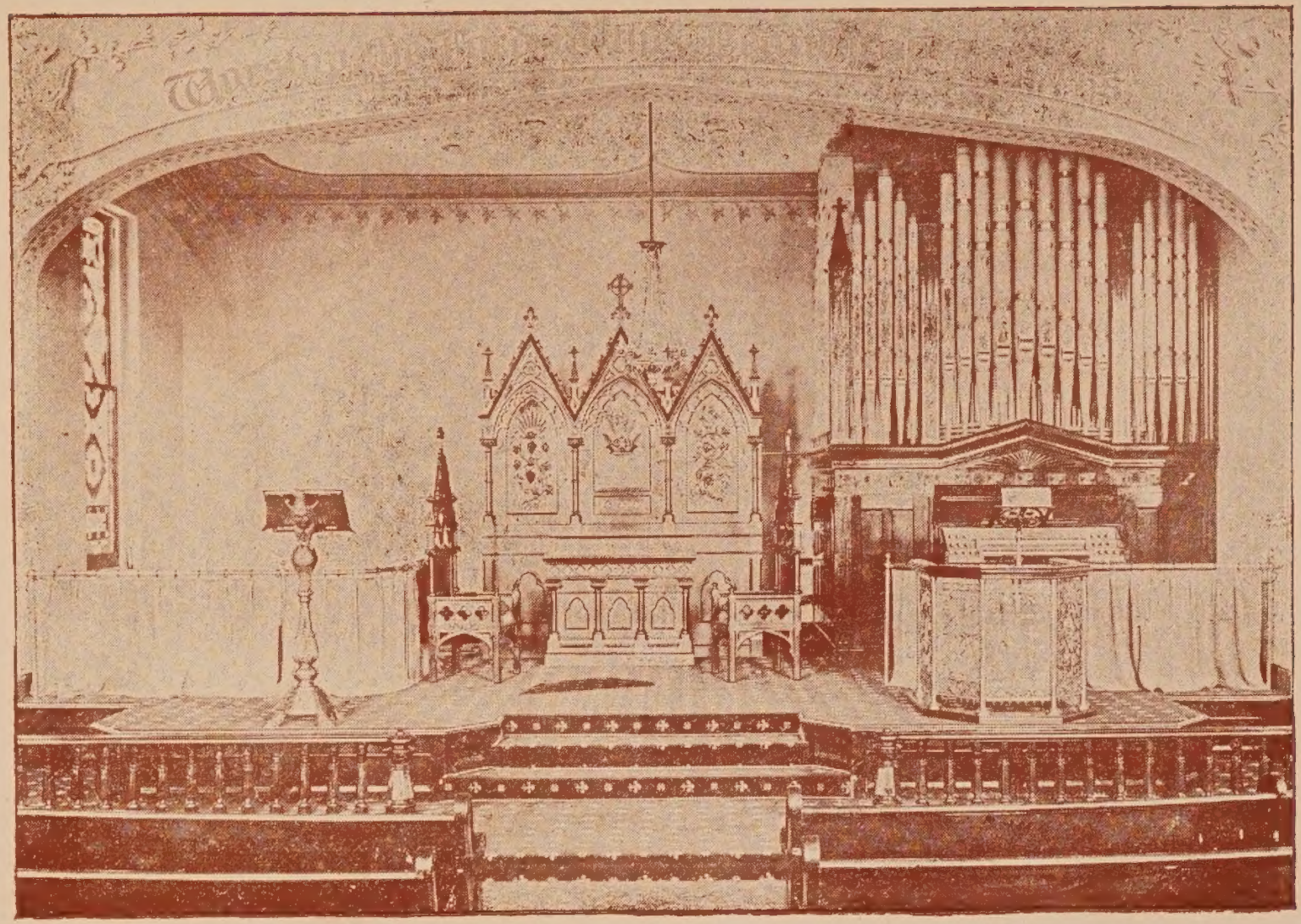
The Marble Baptismal Font with appropriate emblems is the gift of Mr. G. Mezger and sons, in memory of Mrs. Caroline W. Mezger.

HYMN TABLETS.

The Hymn Tablets on either side of the Recess are the gifts of Mr. J. Henry Schuchardt. Those in front of the Galleries were presented by Mr. Louis Hensel.

CREDENCE.

The Walnut Credence is the gift of Mr. Frank Kahline.



Memorials and Gifts—*Continued.*

Eagle Lectern.

The Antique Brass Eagle Lectern is the gift of the Pastor and a few friends.

Chancel and Recess Carpet.

One hundred yards of Wilton Carpet for the Chancel and Recess was secured by the Pastor in small subscriptions from many friends.

Vestibule Tiling.

The Tiling in the Vestibule is the gift of Mrs. E. R. Scheihing.

Chandeliers.

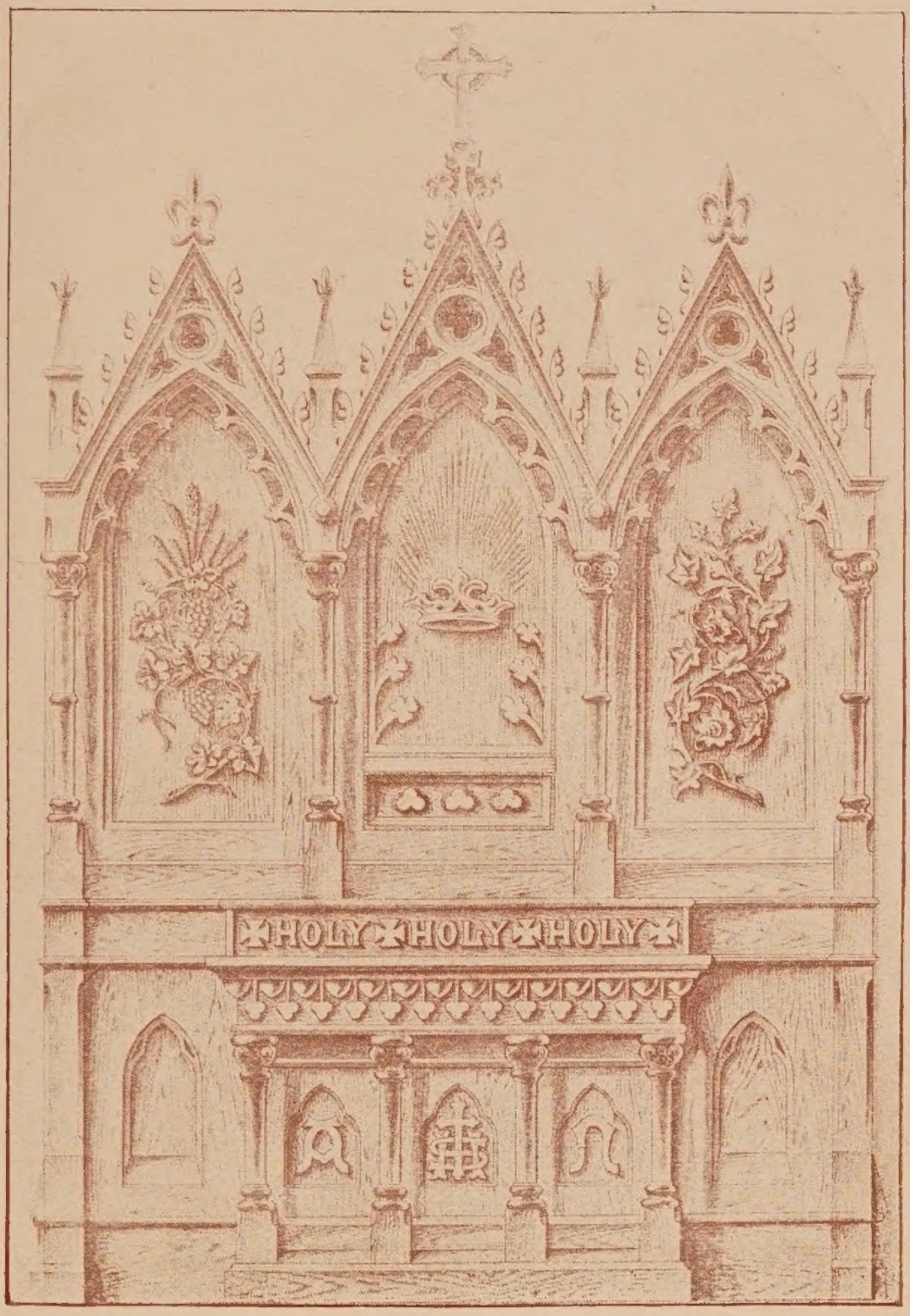
The large Prismatic Chandeliers in the church were given, one by Messrs. Columbus and Joseph Aaron in memory of their mother, Mrs. Emily Aaron; the other was given by the Building Committee.

Candelambra.

The Antique Cast Brass Candelamba in the Recess of the Church, is the gift of Mrs. Susan Ferry.

Gas Brackets.

The Gas Brackets for the Galleries and the Vestibule, are the gifts of the Young Ladies' and Young Men's Bible Classes.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Memorials and Gifts—*Continued.*

Brass Hand Rails.

The Brass Hand Rails in the Vestibule, are the gifts of Mr. Wm. Furst.

Rods and Curtains for Choir.

Messrs. George H. Smith, Frank Kahline, George Demme, George Hamke, Henry Funk, John Freeburg and the Pastor, gave the Rods and Curtains for the Choir and Organ Screens.

Repainting Organ.

Mr. John L. Schreyer paid for the repainting of the Organ.

Carpeting Front Stairways, &c.

The Carpeting for the two front Stairways and upper Vestibule was donated by the Pastor.

Program.

Sunday, October 14th, 1894.

11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Preaching by Rev. E. J. WOLF, D. D., (Rededication Exercises).

Tuesday. October 16th.

8 P. M. Preaching by Rev. GEORGE H. MILLER, D. D.

Wednesday, October 17th.

8 P. M. Preaching by Rev. H. H. WEBER.

Thursday, October 18th.

8 P. M. Preaching by Rev. A. H. Studebaker, D. D.

Friday, October 19th.

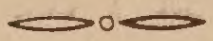
8 P. M. Preaching by Rev. W. H. DUNBAR (Preparatory Services).

Sunday, October 21st.

11 A. M. LORD'S SUPPER—Preaching by Rev. J. G. MORRIS, D. D.

8 P. M. LORD'S SUPPER—Preaching by Rev. B. SADTLER, D. D.

Copy of a Letter
Sent to the Pastor



BALTIMORE, MD., November 29th, 1923

MY DEAR FRIEND AND PASTOR:

This "Thanksgiving Day" has been one of real joy to me and I feel I must write just a few lines to thank you for helping to make it so. Your sermon this morning was beautiful and in fact the whole service was so lovely and sincere that no real human could have resisted the joy of it.

I love my church and even more my pastor, but it is not given me to attend services as often as I wish. This is the first "Thanksgiving" service I have had the opportunity to attend in my own dear church in eight years, and that in itself is something to be very thankful for. And even looking back over those years that I have spent this day in various parts of the globe, once in India, once in Egypt, more often at sea, and only two years ago in a terrible storm on the North Atlantic, of which the outcome was very hopeless at times, truly I have much to be thankful for that I am permitted once more to spend this day in

my own home and give thanks to a merciful God in my own church.

Many thoughts in your sermon have gone home to me. Beautiful faces was one. They really are something for the world to be thankful for, and I must shamefully admit the world has nothing to thank me for in that respect. I usually wear a grouch, born that way, I suppose, but it's only a mask, and I really try to be kind. Yet people that don't come in direct contact with me never find that out. There's the thought: how many thousands of people that we pass daily that see no more than our faces and never get the opportunity to see inside. A grouchy face, even though it be only a mask, doesn't help to cheer them. How many people could we help daily by just wearing a pleasant face? Simple that, but yet affords much food for serious thought. It is indeed a sermon in itself. I should like to hear you talk on faces sometime. It isn't going to be natural for me to wear a cheerful face, but I'm going to try.

And still another thought that gave me a dig and which is really the reason of this letter. It is only too true that good things said of you after you are dead will not afford you much pleasure. It won't even afford me any comfort when God finally calls you home if I have withheld a word of sincere thanks and praise, and I feel I owe you much.

It has been my lot to travel quite a bit and meet many people of many races. I have even made quite a host of friends, and some under very unusual ways and circum-

stances. And strange to say, most of these friends are now your friends, although you don't know them. But they know you through your booklets of which I always have a small supply for such distribution. They help me, so why shouldn't they help others, and where I think they will bring a bit of light I leave one. Many I have never had returns on, but now and again I get a letter from some far-off place thanking me and asking for more. This thanks belongs to you, and I have been selfish in accepting it as due me. So today I have been rummaging around looking for some evidence of what real good your works have done, but to my disappointment I can only find one. So I am enclosing with this a page of a letter sent me from a very dear old lady that lives in a small town in Massachusetts. She has more real troubles and worries than Job, but yet always wears a face that the world can be thankful for. I met this lady under queer circumstances about six years ago and she is now one of my dear friends and yours. Last Mother's Day I sent a copy of for "Love's Sake" and this is her acknowledgment of the same:

"Thanks for the book you sent me. I have found many thoughts and comforting words that just fit me.

"I have a friend who has been very ill and helpless for a number of months, and who needed something to cheer her up. I let her take my book and she enjoyed it so much. But no one can ever enjoy it as I do. 'Heaven bless you, dear,' for sending me such a good friend."

The beginning of the year will probably find me going abroad again and when I go I want a supply of "Digging

Wells," and we'll see if we can't dig a few on foreign soil. Before that time, though, I look forward to enjoying more of your ever-helpful and practical sermons.

And as the day now closes I sincerely thank God for living and being permitted to feed on spiritual food under the care and guidance of so good a shepherd as my pastor.

Truly yours,

P. S.—Please do not detract from your valuable time to answer this; it affords me much joy to relieve myself of some real and sincere truth. E. T.

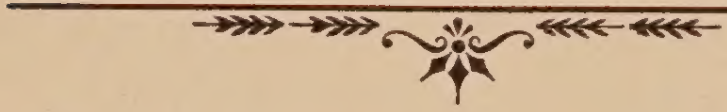
The above is a copy of a letter sent to me by one of my parishioners.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.,
Baltimore, Md.

Christmas Thoughts

1887 1907

Twentieth Anniversary



. . Christmas . .

. . Thoughts . .

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Compliments of

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D. D.

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1907
By L. M. Zimmerman, D. D.
Baltimore, Md.

LANTZ & SON, PRS.
BALTIMORE.

AT no other time in the year are there so many things to remind us of "Peace on earth, Good will toward men" as at the Christmas Festival. Even those who are naturally disposed to be surly feel the spell of the Christmas Spirit, for with bright smiles upon the faces of the dear little children, with music on the streets, in the homes, and in the air, the most disagreeable person cannot fail to be touched by the bright and cheerful surroundings, and is made to feel that even for him there is much in life that is worth the living. It would seem that the angels themselves must pity those, who, at this season of the year fail to rejoice and be glad. Wherefore, be one of God's happy children, and in recognition of your many precious blessings, not only rejoice and be glad for yourself, but help to add enjoyment to those around you, then yours will surely be a Merry Christmas.

BEFORE you refuse definitely to be at peace with your enemy, just reflect for a moment and see if there is ever a better time than now for bringing about a reconciliation; and, if to-day is the best possible time, and it is, for you are sure only of the present, why not then, in the spirit of the season, go to seek peace with your enemy? If you are the agrieved party, if you are the offended, then it is all the more important that you take the first step toward a peaceful settlement, as it is always easier for the innocent to take the initiative, because the innocent have nothing to be ashamed of; and as God came all the way from Heaven that He might make peace not only between fallen man and Himself but also between man and man, do not therefore act contrary to the intent and plan of our heavenly Father, but be at peace with all men, and glorify God.

HRISTMAS is a day of giving. Its origin is found in the great gift which God gave to the world in the person of His Son—it was a gift to man. No wonder that St. Paul, when urging his readers to be generous, exclaimed: "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!" Since, then, God has given so great a gift to man, what can we in turn present to him? "Give me thy heart," is the Father's request, and surely no greater offering can be made, for, of all gifts love is still the best; but let us remember our fellowmen also with gifts at this season of the year. Remember some poor family with a dinner, with fuel or with clothing; remember an enemy with forgiveness; remember friends with honesty of life and affections, have charity for all and malice toward none, ever keeping in mind the words of the Master, how He said:

"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the lowest of mine, and lowest,
That thou doest unto me."

DO not forget the dear little ones at this time of light and love. It does not require much effort to make a child happy; yet in crowded cities or in lonely country places there are many to whom the joy of Christmas never comes. Let us remember that in a peculiar manner Christmas is the Children's day, for it carries us back to the Babe of Bethlehem, the type and pattern for childhood. As he grew not only in stature, but also in wisdom, so every child should be watched over and carefully instructed that he may grow not only in body and mind, but also in spirit and truth. Blessed are those who from babyhood grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Teach the little ones, therefore, the story of the Christ Child, that they may know the real meaning of Christmas, and the blessedness of being earnest followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

EVERYONE may be a free recipient of the blessings which come from God's gift to the world. "The Lord is come not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance," and we must be careful lest we erect barriers to frustrate the plan of God. We must not only be willing to be touched by sinners, but we must also be ready to touch them, if we would carry out the plan of God in redeeming mankind from the world of sin. "Sinner" seems harsh to some, and to others there is the idea of uncleanness and separation, but if God had so dealt with us, who, to-day, would be on the Lord's side? Back of the sinful man and woman as made of God, and in that man and woman are souls which God wants for His glory ; let us not pass hasty judgment, therefore, upon others, but rather strive to redeem those whom God has created to serve and praise Him.

ATHERS and mothers who have grown old in years, are apt at times to be regarded as just a bit prosy; but while their steps are not as quick and easy as they once were, and although passing winters have left their snows upon the brow, nevertheless, their hearts have not changed. It is still father, and the heart of mother never grows cold. The children are still the darlings of the parents as when the little ones sat upon their knees in childhood. Although there may not be that outward demonstration on the part of the aged that was given to the children when younger, nevertheless, there is still the same depth of love. Revere your parents if God has spared them to you, for with untiring devotion they cared for you when you were helpless babes or heedless children. Wherefore, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee" all the days of thy life.

LORY to God in the highest'' might well be sung by the angels not only of the past, but also of to-day, for unspeakable joys were brought to the world the day that God sent forth His Son to be born of a woman. A holy world is a happy world, and when the Lord enters man's soul, then there is true joy. There are joys of the world which delight the eye, the ear, and the humble heart; but not until the Lord enters man's life does he have peace with God, and fellowship and joy in the Holy Ghost. These new joys are unknown to the world in sin. The joys of the world are not lasting. ''It shall even be as when an hungry man dreameth, and behold, he eateth, but he awaketh and his soul is empty; or, as when a thirsty man dreameth, and behold, he drinketh, but he awaketh, and behold, he is faint, and his soul hath appetite.'' But they who have known the satisfactory love of Christ may well take up the chorus of the angels and sing, ''Joy to the world, the Lord is come.''

HOW shall we give praise to God, and 'glory to Him in the highest?' We can imagine how it was possible for all the hosts of heaven to render such praise, but we sometimes think we are so small and weak, that it is impossible for us to offer pleasing service unto the Great and Holy God. Moreover, with angels and archangels at his command, what need has He of us, poor creatures of the earth, at times, wondering what we can do for Him? Yet opportunities are not wanting. All about us there are fields ripe unto the harvest, into which we can enter, and unless some one comes to the help of those who are handicapped either mentally, physically or spiritually, they are doomed to make a failure out of life. God expects you to help them. "All day long in the fields abide," sure that the song of the reaper, toiling here below, is as sweet to God as the angel chorus. And some day thou shalt come with rejoicing, bringing thy sheaves with thee.

IF the angels praised God and rejoiced at the coming of the blessed Lord, then surely we all have reason to praise Him. If the Lord had not come, if His spirit had not remain- on the earth, it would indeed be a desolate place in which to live; for many of the sublimest works of art, many of the brightest gems of literature, and much of the sweetest and most soul-inspiring music would be lost to the world. Society has been purified, civilization advanced, manhood and womanhood glorified, the world changed from a wilderness into an earthly Canaan; and on all sides earth and heaven are echoing anthems to God, because the Lord came down to dwell with man, wherefore, give praises.

"Give! as the light that flows out of heaven,
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given,
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully given."

OSEPH and Mary were humble people, but to their humble home came the Son of God, and history is full of instances where the brightest lights in life's callings had their birth in the obscurest corners. But, suppose the parents of these famous men and women had not been of noble character, what effect would it have had on their off-spring? This we cannot tell; but we do know that parents are largely the moulders of the lives of their children, and having brought them into the world without any choice on the part of the little ones, God surely will hold the parents responsible for the manner in which they rear their sons and daughters. Fatherhood and motherhood are sacred only when the lives of both parents have been dedicated to the most High. Parents should, therefore, give themselves wholly to God.

"Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June rose blowing,
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to give."

KINDNESS to animals seems a lesson that might be learned from the Christmas Festival, as we think of Jesus born in a manger with the cattle around Him. At any rate, it were well if more of those who claim to be sons of God had a kind consideration for the dumb animal. To ill-treat the beast of burden, to shoot down the wild beast of the forest for mere sport, to tease and torture the helpless, are not in keeping with the true intent of the Great Creator. The Golden Rule needs to be kept in mind even in dealing with animals, for there is often that cruelty to animals, which seems unbecoming in a Christian people. As we are divinely enjoined to 'use this world as not abusing it,' so animals are for use and not abuse, and we shall ever find it true, that

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small."

LET us view the season from whatever point we may, we shall find the happy Christmastide awakening within us feelings akin to those of the shepherds, when they said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass?" It is indeed a wonderful season, for the Incarnation is not only an event in the world's history, but it also has its place in the timeless annals of heaven. In the Babe of Bethlehem two worlds met; through Him, not only did the inhabitants of earth gain a new insight into heaven, but those of heaven also acquired a new interest in the sons of men. A great stairway was opened to glory, up which the redeemed of God climb to realms of bliss in the Father's house of many mansions." Christmas is not a national festival; it belongs to the world, and some day the whole world shall bow at the feet of the Saviour, and "every tongue shall confess Him LORD."

MEMORY at this time naturally carries us back through the years to those precious family reunions when parents and children united in common joy around the Christmas tree. What happy times were they? How memory loves to recall the faces and the smiles of those who long since have gone to their home above! Tears start unbidden as we think of what we have lost, but peace comes as we realize their joy, for we know that they are with their Heavenly Father. Instead of worshipping by faith Him who came to redeem us, they are now present with the Lord, where, face to face, they behold Him in all His glory. We cannot, therefore, wish them back, for our loss is their gain. With them in glory, heaven itself becomes dearer to us; and through grace some day we shall again be with them, and the circle be once more complete around the throne of God.

EW YEAR is so closely linked with Christmastide, that, with the coming of the Advent season, one is reminded of the swift and silent passing of another year. The great book will soon be sealed until the day of Judgment. How important that we clear up all accounts before the same shall have been closed, and that we be at peace with God, lest, some day, when face to face with the Judge of all men, we find our eyes resting upon unperformed duties, and unpardoned sins. But, not only with God should we set all in order; with our fellow-men also should we be at peace, for unless we have consciences void of offence toward our brethren, how can we stand before God? Deep down in your hearts then, forgive your enemies, and seek good will wherever there is any possible way of obtaining it with honor. The sin may be grievous, but your forgiveness should be none the less full and free, "even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

FTEN too little is said of the Virgin Mother. Although we would not detract from the glory of the Son, nevertheless, we must remember His mother. We all honor a good mother. If to-day we could have placed before us all the mothers of our great men and women, how we would respect and admire them! If we venerate the mothers of the great ones of the earth, shall we not revere the mother of the greatest of all, the God-man? As such, the Virgin Mary stands forth as a type of honored motherhood, as the model of a good mother imbued with the responsibility of rearing her beloved child. We rejoice to-day because God used a mother as the holy channel through which He might give to the world the greatest of all gifts, the Messiah. Thus, the Mother Mary linked together heaven and earth, infinite power with infinite weakness, forming a union of God and man in the God-man.

PARADISE, with its golden gates, was for centuries guarded by the flaming sword. The world had oft besieged the gates with sacrifice and prayer, but was still without the holy wall, longing to reach the treasures within. At last the doors of Paradise swung open ; lights of glory flashed forth and fell upon the fields of Bethlehem. The very air resounded with angelic songs, telling the good news from a far country. God did not announce the great event by blast of trumpets, but with loving song. If more messages were delivered to-day in the spirit of the message of God on Christmas morn, there would be more "peace on earth, good will toward men." The mission of song is too frequently lost sight of. Deliver your message in the home, in business, and in life, with a song in the heart, rather than with murmuring and complaints. A little more whistling, a little less whining ; a little more singing, a little less crying, will please our Heavenly Father, and make the world more like the Eden of old.

UITE common among all housewives at festival occasions is what is known as a special house-cleaning; in like manner, at this season we should all make every possible preparation by way of a spiritual house cleaning. Pushed off in some corner of life is, perhaps, a bit of ugly hatred toward some sister or brother. Here lurk the deadly germs of jealousy, tainting all the air. There lie smouldering coals of unforgiveness that should long since have been cooled off. In another corner is a bundle of gossip, ready for distribution among such as are only too glad to feed upon the poison. Everywhere unrepented sins darken the heart, shutting out the sunshine of God's love. Arise, Christian souls! and set your house in order, to welcome the Heavenly Guest, who came to earth on Christmas morn.

REVERENT and listening souls may almost hear again the song of angelic praise, which sounded above the hills of Bethlehem on the night when the "Word became flesh and dwelt among men." The whole world is learning to honor the Name which is above every name. Irrespective of creed or faith, all honest thinkers admit the grandeur of the teachings of Him "Who spake as man never spake," and Who Himself was the incarnation of the divine nature and love. His advent meant the triumph of right, for He came to establish peace and good will upon the earth. Did more bow down before Him as their ruler and obey His precepts, there would be more to receive the blessings of His love, which are perpetual and perfect. Where He is allowed to reign in the lives and hearts of men, sin abounds no more, but justice and conscience are established; and meekness and gentleness are enthroned.

WEET are the joys of Christmastide! In their gentle light the stern realities of life fade for a time ; and this is well, for in the mad rush after material things, we often overlook the brighter and sweeter possibilities of being. Let us pause, therefore, at this season, and participate in the joys of childhood. Our spirits once more glow under the influence of memory, while our cares fold their wings and quietly wait, as we forget the more serious side of life. It is at such delicious moments, that we, in exquisite ecstasy wish that we might turn back the hands of time, and once more be children, if only for a day. Shall we not all be children at least in spirit ? Oh, for more of this faith, the innocence, the confidence, and the contentment of the child ! If we can, for once, "become as little children," then shall we be able the better to add to the joy of all about us, and do our part toward giving this old world a happy Christmas.

TRUTH lives; it works like leaven. It is stronger than falsehood. It may be ridiculed, but ultimately it prevails. The poet dies, but his songs inspire and comfort. The noble dead, "the spirits of just men made perfect," live to-day. They are yet teaching, guiding and comforting. Their works follow them, and God uses their labors to serve Him. The truth that exalts men and nations finds its way into the world's Christmas music. Even those who do not accept it for themselves, are becoming wise enough to believe that there is room in the world for the celebration of the Incarnation. And, to the mighty host of those who believe in Jesus as the Messiah, there is a deep appreciation of the mind of the Master as the crowning glory of every Christmas. His truth appears to the Christian thinker, as he reverently and earnestly seeks for himself the mind that was in Christ Jesus.

UNSELFISHNESS and manliness are twin brothers. Both are children of the Christmas spirit, and also heirs of promise, for selfishness is not found in heaven. They who in this life crucify self for the happiness and welfare of others have learned by happy experience that the brightest of all joys is in serving; so, through all this Christmas season, seek for opportunities for service, great or small. Sit down beside the aged, and in loving words remind them that, though bent and wrinkled with age, lingering almost as strangers in the midst of a new generation, they are not a care to you. Never for one moment allow them to think that their presence casts a shadow of repression upon the gayety of younger hearts; rather help them once more to be young by letting them recall the sweet memories of Christmas days, when they were young. It is not the cost of a gift, but the spirit in which it is given, that lends to it its chief value. Give, therefore, an unselfish life in loving service.

VAIN indeed would it be for a man to gain this whole world and lose his own soul. God therefore sent His Son to come and make reconciliation, that man "might not perish, but have eternal life." But what if it be in vain? God pleads with man for his soul. But, if it be in vain, then whose fault is it? Surely not the Father's. The Bridegroom came all the way from Heaven to claim His bride. What if it be in vain? What, if when it is announced, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," there be no oil of the grace of God in the heart? If, when once He shall have entered and the door be shut, those without shall plead and say, "open unto us," and He say unto them, "Depart from me, I know you not," whose fault would it be? Surely not the fault of the Bridegroom, who, seeking the bride, was rejected by her. Are *you* ready to meet the Bridegroom? If not, if His coming be in vain, what then? Who will be to blame?

INTERTIDE and Bethlehem are closely associated, for it was at this season of the year that the world was visited by the Guest from Heaven. Not only was it literally winter, but morally as well, for the civilized world was under the rulership of men of vice and cruelty. The liberties of the citizens were trampled under foot, and terror was carried into every social circle. Taxes were wrung from an impoverished people to strengthen an organized system of military oppression, and landowners were reduced to serfdom. Mankind was sunk in appalling wickedness and woe, and hope was dead. "Then in the fulness of time GOD sent forth His Son," and upon the world of sin and misery rose the Sun of Righteousness, "with healing in His wings," and the long winter of the world passed away before the Springtime of hope and life and love.

XENOPHON tells us, that, when Cyrus gave Artabazus, one of his couriers a cup of gold, he gave to Chrysanthus, his favorite, naught but a kiss. This occasioned Artabazus to say, "Sire, the cup you bestowed upon me is not so precious as the kiss you gave to Chrysanthus;" and this was true. The greatest gifts that we can give are not material, for such soon fade and pass away. The spirit that is back of the gift determines its value. We should, indeed, give of our best, whether it be the gold and frankincense and myrrh of the Magi, or the slender mite of the widow; but to give merely for the sake of giving, or for appearance's sake, or because something may be expected, is to fail in the true spirit of giving. Put your heart, your affections into your gift, whether it be to God or to your fellowmen; and then "It is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." And as "the true heart grows rich in giving," so each succeeding Christmas shall find you richer in love, in grace, in all that makes life sweet, and high and noble.

YES, it was a wonderful night when the Lord of glory came a child to earth. But not to Herod's palace hall, not to the rich and great, the Christ came that night: In a lowly manger lay the King of kings, because there was no room in the inn." "No room for JESUS!" "How could they shut him out?" we cry. If only we had been in that little hillside town, how eagerly would we have welcomed the Child divine! Alas, we deceive ourselves. To-day, and every day, the Saviour stands and knocks at the door of each heart, and, like the men of Bethlehem we cry, "no room!" No room for Christ—no room in the home; no room in the business world; no room in the life of a nation! Shame, thrice shame upon us, that this should be! Upon this blessed Christmas Day let every soul fling wide his door, and pray with holy awe and longing

"O come to my heart, LORD JESUS,
There's room in my heart for Thee."

ZEALOUSLY should the Christmas spirit be cherished till its message and its meaning live throughout the year. It were a sad mistake to let its glories vanish with the day, for unless the spirit of the Christmas time wield a controlling influence in the life, the angel message is little more than mockery. The incarnate Christ, indeed, no longer walks the shores of Galilee or the hills of old Judea; but His spirit still abides upon the earth to strengthen and to bless. Then let the Christmas chimes re-echo through the world; let the gospel of love—of "peace on earth, good will toward men" be taught and practiced in the home, in business, in society, in government. I pray, then, that yours may be a bright and Merry Christmas, glad through all the year to come, glad with sins forgiven, with sorrows comforted, with the brightest and best of what you hope for. And, may the presence and the blessing of Him, who came to earth on Christmas day, be yours forevermore!

Christmas and New Year Greetings

—FROM—

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, A. M.,

—TO THE—

MEMBERS AND FRIENDS

—OF—

CHRIST ✝ ENGLISH ✝ LUTHERAN ✝ CHURCH,

BALTIMORE, MD.

'93-'94.

How to Multiply Christmas Joy.

HAVING received the Child Jesus into your heart as your Saviour, you have every opportunity for the multiplication of Christmas joys, for the joy is like Shakespeare's description of the quality of mercy—

> "It is *twice* blessed; it blesseth him that *gives* and him that *receives*."

There is, unhappily, much Christmas joy that is laid up in a napkin.

Although the virgin mother was a plain peasant girl, and the earthly father a carpenter, yet many Christians of to-day seem to be going *away* from the old story of Christ in the manger. As a result, the church often loses sight of those who are without this Christmas joy.

The church often leaves the valley and lives in the uplands, turning a deaf ear to the cries of the lowly. What we need to-day is a repetition of the old story and a return to the old path, and having the heart ripened in the sunshine of God; there will be a reaching out for everything that can better the conditions of all. Thus, living and enjoying the joy of the Lord, Christians in turn will *multiply* that joy in giving it to the meek and lowly. They will therefore make the world better and happier for having lived in it, and not only will joys be multiplied, but *souls* will be won for Christ.

The Old and the New Year.

SOON the year '93 will be past and gone forever. No, not forever, for its record has been kept, and at the day of judgment every one will be called upon to render his or her account for the year.

If the year has been spent in serving the Lord and faithfully doing His work, then the record will be one of favor in the sight of God, and joy to the one called upon to render the account.

But, alas, how many in the past year have left *undone* so much for which God will hold them accountable! How many have *done* things that were wholly displeasing to God, and for which they will be called upon to give an account!

What Shall the New Year Be?

SOON you will start a new book. Its pages are—as yet—all clean. How are you going to *keep* that book? Will you day by day write upon its pages an evil record for which God will hold you responsible at the day of judgment?

Dear friend, stop and reflect before beginning the New Year. Resolve that by the grace of God you will—God helping you—live a truly Christian life each day, that you will daily read your Bible and kneel in prayer to God; that you will, so far as in you lies, attend the preached word of God; that you will try to save some soul, and at the close of the next year you will have laid up for yourself rich treasures in heaven.

Christmas Greeting.

WE are told that the Lord loveth a *cheerful* giver, and an evidence of that love was shown when the widow gave her mite. It was but a small gift, and yet, because given cheerfully, the Lord loved the giver.

This little book is given to you *cheerfully*, and the sender wishes herein to convey to you his hearty "Christmas Greetings." Although but a small token, yet it is an outward sign of large internal sentiments of good wishes.

This is a season of rejoicing, and if, by means of this Greeting, an additional ray of the Sun of Righteousness shall be brought into your soul, then I shall feel well repaid for attempting to cause you to rejoice and be glad.

I wish you, therefore, a very Merry Christmas—one that will bring to you some of the peace and joy that was first given to the world when Christ came as a little babe, the Star in the East.

Grand Christmas Joy.

CAUSES usually produce effects, and without causes there would be very few effects. Christmas joy is an effect of a cause. It is not an uncertain or unfounded thing, but a joy *of* the Lord and *from* the Lord. It is that joy which Christ brought to the world when he came to take upon Himself our nature. It is a joy that has entered many a sad home and heart, brightening the home and reanimating the heart. It is a joy that led the prodigal from the swine to the feast of his father. It is a joy that, entering the soul of the bereaved, crouched in despondency, causes the sorrowing one to exclaim: "Why art thou cast down, Oh! my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me; hope thou in God;" for "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." It is a joy that follows the departing soul of the saint to the grave, causing it to exclaim: "I will fear no evil." And as the soul of the Christian leaves this world, this Christmas joy enables that soul to go sweeping through the gates of the Celestial City with the shout: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

May *yours* be this Christmas joy in life and in death.

B. Kohlhofer

Property of Mr. Kolhe

Mother's Christmas Story

L. M. ZIMMERMAN

Mother's Christmas Story

[*With Compliments of the Author*]

Dr. L. M. Zimmerman

Burlington Hotel

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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The sweetest woman I ever knew was—my mother.

I can see her now, on the vine-covered porch that June afternoon, fully three-score years ago. Sitting in her old rocking chair, she talked to me from her heart, in words that reached my heart. She had a winsome spirit that drew all her children to her.

Simply, directly, reverently she explained the things of God in a way a child could both understand and believe.

Being the youngest of twelve—as well as the seventh son of the seventh son—I was called the baby; it seemed to me always that mother took a special interest in me. On that June day she talked more freely than usual. She spoke of many things, of life's fundamentals, but so simply I could grasp their meaning and what I now call their implications.

Particularly I remember this, that she told me:

"You are my baby, the youngest of my twelve children, and I am going to tell you the story of another baby, the Babe of Bethlehem."

That time-tested Book, the Bible, was on her lap, open at the pages narrating the story of the Christ Child. Occasionally she read from its pages; occasionally she referred to them; but often, she told the story herself, with a sincerity and clarity that I cherish in memory to this day.

"The Christmas story," mother continued, "is perhaps the most unusual, in places the most pathetic, and again the most glorious of any told in the Bible. It is old, yet always new."

Relating briefly something of the background of one of the world's greatest events—Mary and her husband Joseph in Bethlehem—mother went on, "About the time of this Christmas story, Joseph and his wife Mary had occasion to go from Nazareth to Bethlehem to be enrolled, because the king had ordered that every one should return to his own ancestral city to be taxed. People did not journey in those days as we do now. They walked, usually, or rode on camels or donkeys."

"What a sight that must have been," I interrupted, "How funny they must have looked."

"Yes, a strange sight, but not a funny one," said mother, and her gaze went far away. "It was a long line, a line that plodded wearily along a dusty road. They could not make any great speed. But they journeyed on. That is the thing to remember. People can go a long way, my child, by just keeping on going—later you will call that perseverance. Onward they plodded, wearily, perhaps drearily, probably at times merrily because people are built that way. You will learn that later, too."

"But, at last, on this day of which I am telling, just as the evening shadows were falling, Bethlehem loomed up before the weary pilgrims—they had been three days on the road."

"I'll bet they were glad to get there and rest," I ventured.

There was a seriousness and a sympathy I did not understand in mother's voice as she reverently replied: "I have always felt sorry for Mary on that occasion. Tired woman, she was traveling far and 'great with child'."

I did not understand why, then, but I knew mother was deeply affected. I reached out and gently patted her hand. As she paused in her story, her expression was most benign.

"Only a mother can realize how Mary must have felt," she explained. "Poor soul, she had no nurse, no woman for company; it was all so mysterious; a secret in her heart, that she pondered over, again and again. And then that greeting in Bethlehem. After the long journey, crouched upon the donkey, a journey of anxiety and distress, of toil and weariness, Joseph brought her to the inn, naturally hoping to find a place to lodge.

"But—'No room in the inn' Joseph was told. Even to him it was a grim, horrible tragedy. To the heart of Mary, however, those words brought wild terror. It was night—no place to rest and at any minute she might become a mother. God alone, and mothers can understand. No wonder that Jesus, who understood, always remembered His mother, even in His greatest agony upon the cross."

Again my mother seemed to see great distances; by again patting gently her hand with

mine, I reminded her of my presence, and that she had not finished the story.

"Perhaps the innkeeper read something of the anxiety and travail of Mary in her eyes," she resumed, "for instead of turning her away, he offered her the best he had, in a near-by stable. Of course, it was better than to lie down on the bare ground under the open sky. There, we are told, in that stable, 'she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger'."

"Poor little Jesus," she continued, "did not have a bed or even a little crib. In the stable was a trough out of which the cattle ate their food. It was in this trough, or as the Bible calls it, 'manger,' that the Christ Child was laid."

As if it were but yesterday, I can see mother at that moment gazing through a veil of tears in deep, sympathetic thought. Something prompted me quickly to say: "I guess we children, maybe, don't appreciate all the nice things we have."

Looking up, as a slight smile lightened the shadow of her face, "Perhaps not," she agreed, and continued her story.

"Near where Jesus was born," she said, "there were shepherds out in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And it is possible that very night they may have been talking about the Christ Child that was to be born," she ventured.

"Why, had they heard about it?" I asked.

"Yes, God had told the Jewish people He would send them a Saviour who would be their king, and they were looking for him." Then she read from the Book of Genesis, where it

tells: "The seed of woman shall bruise the head of the serpent," and from Isaiah, "a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." Then she read from the first of the four Gospels where "an angel had appeared to the Virgin Mary, and said, 'Blessed art thou among women. Thou shalt bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus.' And so," she continued, "we read that an angel appeared to those shepherds saying: 'Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.' And with the angel was a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men.' Then it was that the shepherds said one to another, 'Let us now go unto Bethlehem' . . . You see, child," she explained, "they had not only heard about the promise, but they had faith that it would be fulfilled some day; and now that all this had taken place, they were ready at once to see for themselves, and so they went and found Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger."

"The Babe lying in a manger," mother repeated and said: "Perhaps this part of the story deserves more attention. The Child Jesus," she went on, "has glorified both motherhood and childhood. Before the Christ Child was born into the world, children were often sorely neglected and even cruelly treated. They seemed to have had no rights of their own. But Jesus exalted childhood saying: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' And so, not only can grown-ups find Jesus, but children may find Him as well. Although we cannot find Him as did the shepherds, we can

find Him in other ways, in true worship and in loving deeds. If we act with the faith of the shepherds, 'who returned glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen'—we, too, shall always find Him."

Then mother told how the Wise Men from the East, having seen the star, had come to Jerusalem that they might know the time and place of Christ's birth. "The information obtained," she said, "they followed on, 'and lo, the star went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was. Falling down before the Child, they worshipped Him and presented gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh'."

"Is that why people give gifts at Christmas time?" I asked.

"Most likely so," mother assented, "but many times it is all over-done by those who lose sight of the real Christmas spirit. The Christ who made Christmas possible is often entirely lost sight of by the selfish and worldly manner in which the day is observed. It is not much wonder that some children know little or nothing about Bethlehem and the Christ Child. Even in our gifts to friends, the real One in whose name such gifts should be sent is forgotten."

"Who is that One?" I inquired.

"He is God, the Greatest Giver of gifts," she assured me in her quiet motherly voice.

"But how can we give gifts to Him?" I asked.

"Mere gifts," she said, "are not enough. The Wise Men gave gifts, but they did not spread the good news nor did they return to praise Jesus. The gift God wants is the loving heart

—if we give that, our good works and our offerings at worship will follow."

So mother began to speak about the time when Jesus grew to the age of boyhood, which naturally interested me greatly, and I asked:

"Did Jesus grow up like other boys?"

Pausing in deep thought, mother declared, "Not much is said about the boyhood of Jesus, but I think he grew up a healthy, normal boy in his plays, studies, and work. When twelve years old He went with Mary and Joseph to the Feast of the Passover at Jerusalem and in some way was lost. After a long, vain search, they looked in the Temple, and to their surprise they found their boy 'in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions'."

"Did He ask questions?" I interrupted.

"Yes, child, that is the best way to gain information. Happily, they found their boy at a good place—in God's house. When we get away from the Church we get away from God and when we get away from God we have nothing sure to which we can hold. Faith in God and moral devotion to Him is our only hope. There is no substitute," mother affirmed.

"Dear child," she went on, "as you grow older, no doubt you will many times recall what I am saying. Yes, people may ridicule the Church and things spiritual, even the Jesus of whom I have been telling you. But, He is today, the great spiritual Teacher and Leader of the world—the only Way out, the Truth and the Life. As He passed from boyhood to manhood, people more and more recognized in Him the promised Messiah. He was God's expression of Himself, God 'manifest in the

flesh' when born the Babe of Bethlehem. I pray, son, that you may ever follow in His footsteps, love and serve Him faithfully—and daily you will become more and more like Him." Mother closed the Book and went about her household work.

But today, as I sit in contemplation, I can see mother's eyes shining clearly as on that afternoon long ago. I can hear her voice. It seems I can almost feel her suffering in sympathy with the sufferings of Mary. I can sense her spirit soaring with that of the Wise Men when they found the Christ Child.

A star led the Wise Men to Jesus, before whom they bowed down and worshipped, giving gifts.

My mother led me to Jesus, while I was yet a child. Before Him have I knelt and Him have I worshipped ever since.

To Him have I offered the gifts my mother gave, deeds of mercy rendered in His name, truths about Him planted in human hearts, doing all things in His name and for His glory.

He has been my unfailing Friend—the One whom my soul loveth.

All this I owe to one person—my mother. For such a mother, for such a Christmas, for such a Christ, how grateful my soul shall ever be.

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OVER

DOES IT PAY TO SWEAR?

BY L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.

Does it add strength to your argument?
" " bespeak good morals?
" " charm the hearer?
" " do honor to the mother?
" " exert good influence upon the young?
" " further noble thinking?
" " gather choice friends?
" " honor God?
" " indicate growth of man's spiritual nature?
" " join man with the best associates?
" " keep the soul tender, impressionable, alive?
" " lead man to positions of honor?
" "mend troublesome matters?

OVER

1902

Finding His Own Lamb

L. M. Zimmerman, D. D.

Through the generosity of friends of the author a copy of "DOT" has been placed in 1300 Sunday School libraries. "SPARKS" in 723 cities of the U. S., having a public library, and both books are in many hospitals and in every Florence Crittendon Mission in the world.

"FINDING HIS OWN LAMB."

By the

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D. D.

BALTIMORE MARYLAND.

AUTHOR OF

"Paths That Cross," "Yvonne,"
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REPUBLISHED 1913

SIX THOUSAND EDITION

Far off in country lonely, strong ties of love each day
Were knit between love's dear ones in every word and way—
There, in an humble cottage, all seemed so fair and bright
That oft it did remind them of days without a night.

In fields of verdant pastures and by the shady tree,
Sweet words and deeds of kindness were like the river free;
And with the rippling waters as they did onward flow,
A childish song was mingled, so sweet, and soft and low...

The father was a shepherd, and well his daughter knew
His voice as he the sheep called and to them food did strew;
And when a lamb would wander in realms of death and pain
The shepherd, by a known cry, would bring it back again.

At last the daughter questioned the sweetness of her lot,
For as she thought of city the farm joys she forgot,
Though future steps should pierce her with unknown fiery smart.
Yet she would go thus forward with brave and hopeful heart.

Hand clasped in hand, her parents bade her a sad good-bye,
The face of love, oh how sweet, as eye still met each eye,
For in each heaving bosom was purity and grace
That met with God's approval as they stood face to face.

A fair and country maiden in city all alone
Found not a few allurements to which mankind is prone,
These things were very charming and friends almost divine,
Who praised her for her beauty and tempted her with wine.

Thus flattered by the wicked she like a snowflake fell,
And found that worldly pleasures had proved to her a hell,
She thought of home and loved ones and of her early years,
And in that deep reflection her eyes were filled with tears.

Some one who knew her home-life and now saw her in sin,
By chance had met her father and told where she had been.
He left the flock on hillside in search of his own lamb,
And to the city hastened, singing the shepherd's psalm.

Embarrassed in the city he tarried there till night,
Hoping to find his own lamb now lost out of his sight.
The streets seemed cold and cheerless as he put forth his cry,
Then listened for an answer from her who might be nigh.

An officer bade him stop for disturbing the peace,
But as the father told all, him he did then release.
"She'll come to me," he added, "if she should hear that cry,"
And onward he went calling as he looked far and nigh.

The loving shepherd's own lamb was found at last that night,
For on her ears the call fell as if from heaven's height.
She rushed into a lone street and to her father's arms,
And, with tears of repentance begged for home on the farm.

Once more the saddened circle of home is bright with love,
The past is all forgotten in pardon from above;
For in the heav'nly city stands open wide the gate—
It is God's gate of mercy, 'tis as yet not too late.

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ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

Onward, Christian Soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle see His banners go.

Onward, then ye faithful,
Join the happy throng, Blend with
Ours your voices in the triumph song.
Glory,laud,and honor,unto Christ the King.
This through countless ages men and
Chorus: angels sing.
Onward, Christian Soldiers!
Marching as to war, with the
Cross of Jesus going on before!

O HAPPY DAY!

O Happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O Happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Chorus:
Happy Day, Happy Day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And life rejoicing every day:
Happy Day, Happy Day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL!

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

And, Lord, haste the day when the faith
shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord
shall descend,
"Even so" - it is well with my soul.
Chorus:
It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE!

Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life,
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life.
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty;
:Beautiful words, Wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life.:

Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of Life,
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of Life.
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify forever.
:Beautiful words, Wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life!

CRAWLEY CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

Onward, Christian Soldiers!
Marching as to war,
Cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle see His banners go.

Onward, then ye faithful,
Join the happy throng,
Unite your voices in the triumph song,
Glory, laud, and honor, unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages men and
Chorus angels sing.

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Wonderful words of life!
Beautiful words, Wonderful words,
Beautiful words of life!
Beautiful forever,
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Offer pardon and peace to all,
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When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
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The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord
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Even so - it is well with my soul.
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Wonderful words of life,
Let me more of their beauty see.
Wonderful words of life,
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty;
Beautiful words, Wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life,

"There remaineth, therefore a rest to the people of God.—Heb. iv : 9.

Prayer on Entering Church

O Lord, take thou possession of my mind and heart that I may attentively and prayerfully hear and retain Thy preached Word.

Bless him who shall speak to us, and may this hour's service be acceptable to Thee and profitable to our souls, for Christ's sake. Amen.

L. M. Zimmerman, D. D., Pastor.

A Prayer after Holy Communion

"Do this in remembrance of me."

I thank Thee, oh Merciful God for the spiritual food of this most Holy Sacrament. Help me to faithfully keep the solemn vows which I have this day renewed at the altar. May I ever bear about me the marks of a Crucified Saviour, with a conscience void of offence toward God and my fellowmen. Amen.

L. M. Zimmerman, D. D., Pastor.

Hearty Greetings

Fifteenth Anniversary

Christmas Greeting

From

L. M. Zimmerman, D. D.

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Merry and happy, bright and gay
Be each hour of Christmas Day.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, - - - - - SUNDAYS at 7 P. M.
JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, - - - - SUNDAYS at 3 P. M.
CATECHETICAL INSTRUCTIONS, in the Lecture Room of the Church,
FRIDAYS at 7.30 P. M.

OFFICIAL MEETINGS.

CHURCH COUNCIL, the First Wednesday of each month after Prayer Meeting.
LADIES' AID SOCIETY, the First Monday of each month at 8 P. M.
S. S. TEACHERS, the Second Wednesday of each month after Prayer Meeting.
Y. P. S. C. E., the third Wednesday of each month after Prayer Meeting.
W. H. & F. M. SOCIETY, Second Monday of each month at 8 P. M.

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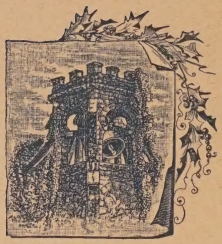
"Ring Out, Wild Bells."



"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times.
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrels in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

"Ever Feel as if the Whole World Is Against You?"

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"Ever Feel as if the Whole World Is Against You"

By L. M. Zimmerman, D. D.

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EVER feel as if the whole world is against you? That your friends of yesterday are scarcely acquaintances of the morrow? Is the chilling frost of Time beginning to blow his withering breath upon you and causing you to creep and wither and fade? Is your heart beginning to be steeled against the great world around you? Do the beauties of Nature seem as the sear and yellow leaf? Have you a secret sorrow that, like the worm in the bud, feeds on your fading cheek?

If so, friend, take and introspective view of yourself and see what you are doing to overcome these sorrows and burdens. Don't become a recluse. Get out into the world and mix with action lest you wither and despair. Take Jesus into your confidence. "Even though your sins be as scarlet, they

shall be as white as snow." He will counsel you, and there will come into your soul a leavening that shall be as spiritually refreshing as the breath of the violet.

Come to our church and breathe the spiritual air that pervades the sanctified edifice, No classes here; they are God's people who are ever willing-nay, eager-to lend a helping hand to those who are sorrow-laden. A friend in need is a friend indeed. And that friend you will always find in the Christ Lutheran Church.

Then will your mental horizon change. The song of the birds and the gladsome morning sunlight will be as messengers from on High telling anew the old, old story of God's wonderful love to these His sorrowing children on earth.

There's a primrose path of spiritual happiness ahead, friend. Only seek, and ye shall find. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good" A message and blessing await you.

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421 Hanover Street,
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Morning and Evening Texts

11 a. m., and 8 p. m.

MARCH 30TH, 1913.

"Where the disciples were Jesus came."

"Seed cast into the ground."

APRIL 6TH

"The Good Shepherd."

"Like a grain of mustard seed."

APRIL 13TH

"I will see you again."

"A sower went forth to sow."

APRIL 20TH

"Other foundations can no man lay."

"Treasures hid in a field."

APRIL 27TH

"If ye ask of the Father."

"Like unto leaven."

MAY 4TH

"Lord received into heaven."

"Certain man had two sons."

MAY 11TH

"When the Comforter is come."

"When he had begun to reckon."

MAY 18TH

"A man named Nicodemus."

"The net cast into the sea.',

MAY 25TH

"A certain rich man and a beggar."

"If he lose one of them."

JUNE 1ST

"A certain man made a great supper."

"To hire laborers."

JUNE 8TH

"This man receiveth sinners."

"Likened unto ten virgins."

JUNE 15TH

"Be ye merciful, as your Father."

"A certain man had two sons."

JUNE 22ND

"Launch out into the deep."

"Seeking goodly pearls."

JUNE 29TH

10:30 a. m. Preparatory service and Lord's Supper.

"A certain Samaritan."

Month of July Services

MORNING ONLY

JULY 6TH, 1913.

"That glory may dwell in our land."

JULY 13TH

"Give account of thy stewardship."

JULY 20TH

"When he beheld the city."

JULY 27TH

"Two men went up into the temple to pray."

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TUESDAY JUNE 3rd

To TOLCHESTER

Boat leaves Pier 16 Light St., Wharf

8:30 a m; 2:00 p, m; 6:30 p. m.

Be sure to secure tickets before day of excursion. There'll be no house canvassing.

Tickets can be had at the Church.

Remember the 1913 Thank Offering.

HYMNS of the HEART

HYMNS OF THE HEART

by

REV. L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D.D.

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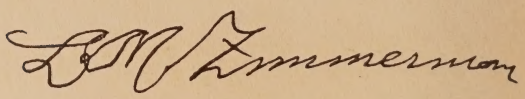
PREFACE

This book of "Hymns of the Heart" is issued from a heart of thanksgiving to the Heavenly Father who has honored my ministry through many years, and out of this glorious experience these poems have been born.

They are sent forth with a prayer that they may prove a blessing to all who read and sing them as they have proven a blessing to me.

Through nearly fifty years in the Christian ministry I have seen the gracious results of the everlasting gospel in the hearts of men, and the experiences have been embodied in all of these poems.

To you who read, and to you who sing, I pray that my efforts may prove a benediction.



Burlington Hotel,
Washington, D. C.

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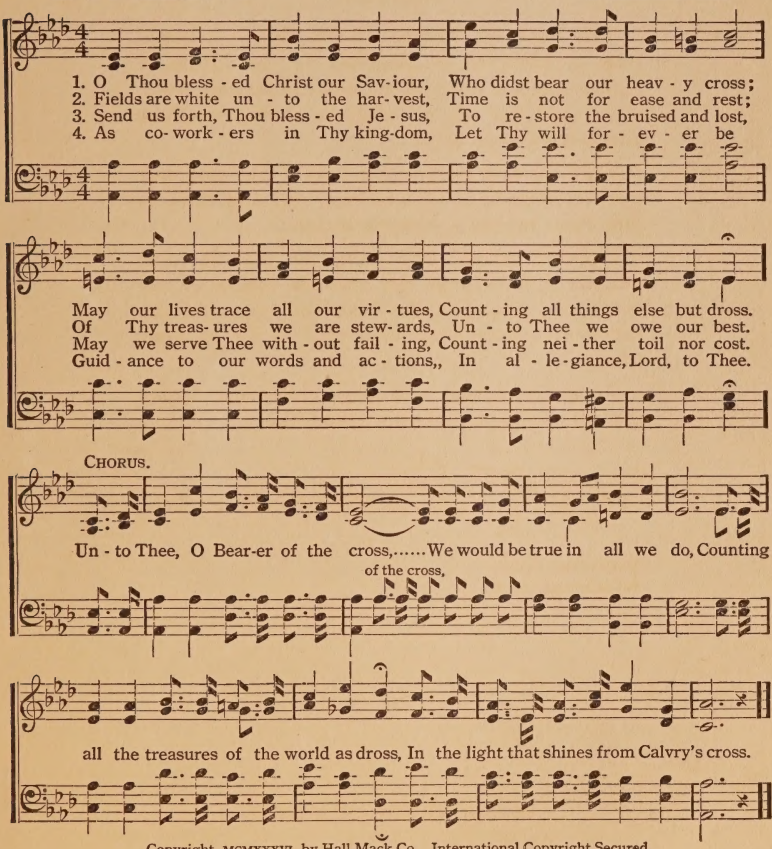
Hymns of the Heart.

O Bearer of the Cross.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D. D. M. Isabelle Ritter.


1. O Thou bless - ed Christ our Sav-iour, Who didst bear our heav - y cross;
2. Fields are white un - to the har- vest, Time is not for ease and rest;
3. Send us forth, Thou bless - ed Je - sus, To re - store the bruised and lost,
4. As co- work - ers in Thy king-dom, Let Thy will for - ev - er be
May our lives trace all our vir - tues, Count - ing all things else but dross.
Of Thy treas- ures we are stew- ards, Un - to Thee we owe our best.
May we serve Thee with - out fail - ing, Count - ing nei - ther toil nor cost.
Guid - ance to our words and ac - tions,, In al - le - giance, Lord, to Thee.
Chorus.
Un - to Thee, O Bear-er of the cross,.....We would be true in all we do, Counting
of the cross,
all the treasures of the world as dross, In the light that shines from Calvry's cross.

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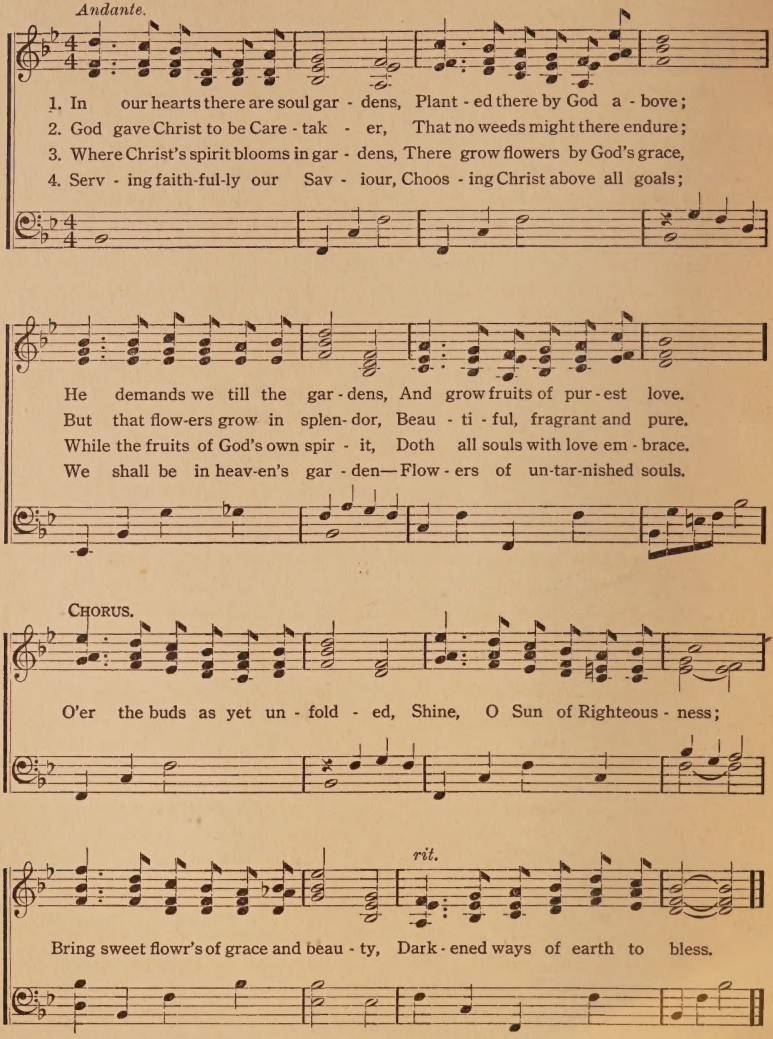
The Soul Garden.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D. D. — Reuben Windisch.

Andante.


1. In our hearts there are soul gar - dens, Plant - ed there by God a - bove;
2. God gave Christ to be Care - tak - er, That no weeds might there endure;
3. Where Christ's spirit blooms in gar - dens, There grow flowers by God's grace,
4. Serv - ing faith-ful-ly our Sav - iour, Choos - ing Christ above all goals;
He demands we till the gar - dens, And grow fruits of pur - est love.
But that flow-ers grow in splen- dor, Beau - ti - ful, fragrant and pure.
While the fruits of God's own spir - it, Doth all souls with love em - brace.
We shall be in heav-en's gar - den—Flow - ers of un-tar-nished souls.
Chorus.
O'er the buds as yet un - fold - ed, Shine, O Sun of Righteous - ness;
rit.
Bring sweet flowr's of grace and beau - ty, Dark - ened ways of earth to bless.

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ROSES WILL BLOOM AGAIN

Time brings its varied hap'nings
And each must have a share,
Whether of joy or sadness
For all we must prepare.
No one's exempt from trouble,
Some days we need for rain,
But though we have our sorrows
Roses will bloom again!

Grain crushed by heavy rainfalls
Will oft again arise,
So help and do not hinder
Others to win the prize.
Though crushed by some misfortune
Where sin has left a stain,
Yet by a loving Father
Roses will bloom again!

Morale may be deflated
With business dull and slow,
But do not be discouraged,
Take hold and make it go.
Spruce up, take heart and hold on
Until success is plain,
For when you least expect them
Roses will bloom again!

Someone may rouse your anger
But you will happier live,
If you can curb your temper
And then in love forgive.
Be patient in your actions
And though you suffer pain,
The pain refines the spirit—
Roses will bloom again!

Has there been cold indif'rence?
Kind words heal many a wound.
Sad tears are dried with kisses
And joy and cheer abound.
Life is too short to quarrel,
We must our vows maintain,
And love, though we may differ,
Roses will bloom again!

Bright homes are often saddened
With loneliness and loss,
Death takes away a loved one
And leaves a heavy cross.
But from celestial mansions
There comes a sweet refrain,
That in the heav'nly garden
Roses will bloom again!

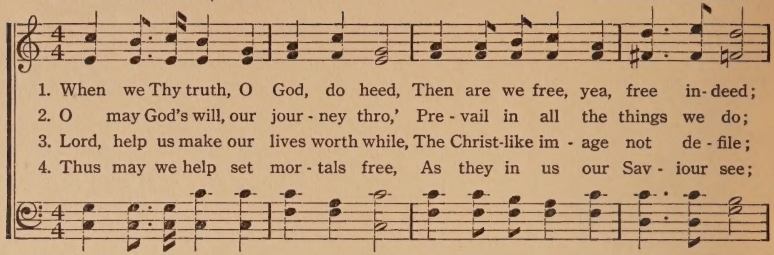
Would you in all things triumph,
Win God's eternal praise?
Then trust in Christ your Saviour
And serve Him all your days.
Sometimes the way is weary
And tired hearts complain,
With Christ we shall be victors,
Roses will bloom again!

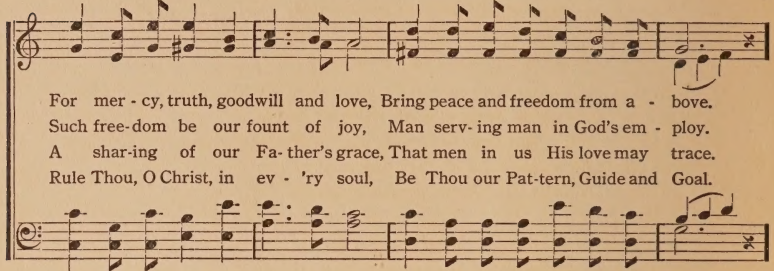
Thus face to face with trials
Be brave and do your best,
We are to plant and water,
Our God will do the rest.
Cheer up! dear one, be hopeful,
Life will not be in vain,
After the storms of winter
Roses will bloom again!

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D.D.

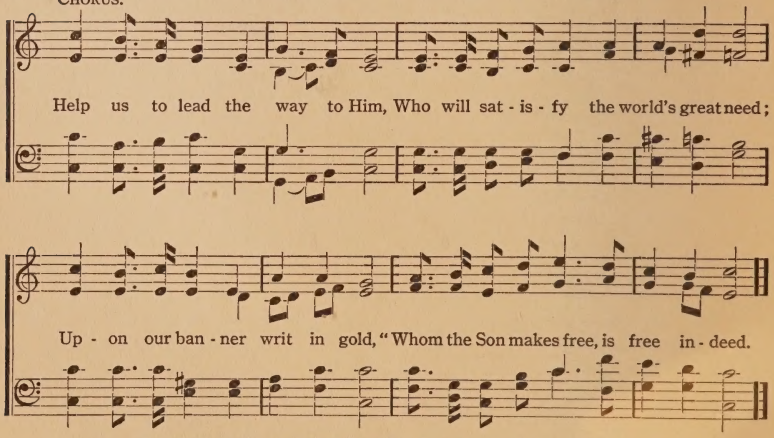
Freedom.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D. D. M. Isabelle Ritter.


1. When we Thy truth, O God, do heed, Then are we free, yea, free in-deed;
2. O may God's will, our jour-ney thro,' Pre-vail in all the things we do;
3. Lord, help us make our lives worth while, The Christ-like im-age not de-file;
4. Thus may we help set mor-tals free, As they in us our Sav-iour see;


For mer-cy, truth, goodwill and love, Bring peace and freedom from a-bove.
Such free-dom be our fount of joy, Man serv-ing man in God's em-ploy.
A shar-ing of our Fa-ther's grace, That men in us His love may trace.
Rule Thou, O Christ, in ev-'ry soul, Be Thou our Pat-tern, Guide and Goal.

Chorus.


Help us to lead the way to Him, Who will sat-is-fy the world's great need;
Up-on our ban-ner writ in gold, "Whom the Son makes free, is free in-deed.

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THE BIBLE

Lord in Thy Word we read the truth
That gives us light and sets us free;
May it in ev'ry heart and life
A guide, a lamp, for ever be.

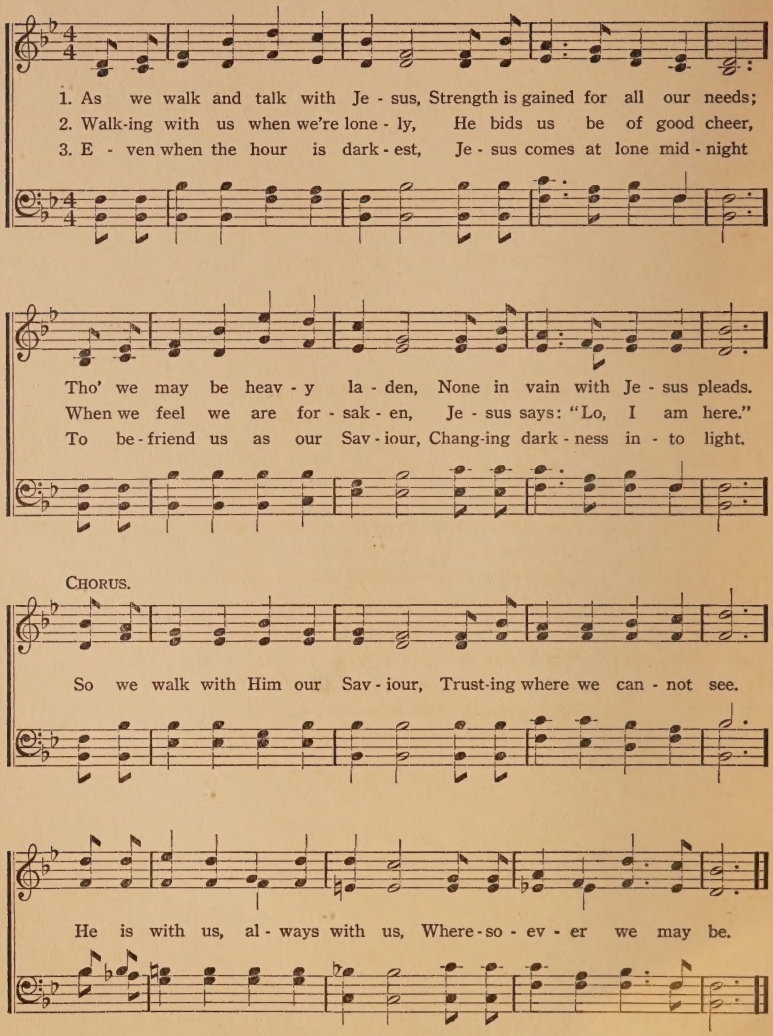
Make us as lamps which brightly burn,
That through our lives Thy truth may shine,
Directing others in the dark
To find the way to Christ Divine.

Oh may we search Thy Holy Word
And find for all our ills a balm,
A Book to guide the youth aright
And for old age, a staff, a psalm.

O Word Incarnate, Love Divine,
May Gospel truths be all unfurl'd,
Until the peace Christ came to bring
Shall rule and reign throughout the world.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D.D.

Walking with Jesus.

Rev. L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D. REUBEN WINDISCH.

1. As we walk and talk with Je - sus, Strength is gained for all our needs;
2. Walk-ing with us when we're lone - ly, He bids us be of good cheer,
3. E - ven when the hour is dark - est, Je - sus comes at lone mid - night
Tho' we may be heav - y la - den, None in vain with Je - sus pleads.
When we feel we are for - sak - en, Je - sus says: "Lo, I am here."
To be - friend us as our Sav - iour, Chang-ing dark - ness in - to light.
CHORUS.
So we walk with Him our Sav - iour, Trust-ing where we can - not see.
He is with us, al - ways with us, Where - so - ev - er we may be.

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CONSCIENCE

Jesus speak to conscience in us—
Be to us a guiding star,
Let Thy Word a lamp forever
Shine for us whe'er we are,

Lead our spirit lest we wander,
And subdue vain passion's fires,
Merge our wills in Thine, O Jesus,
Purify all our desires.

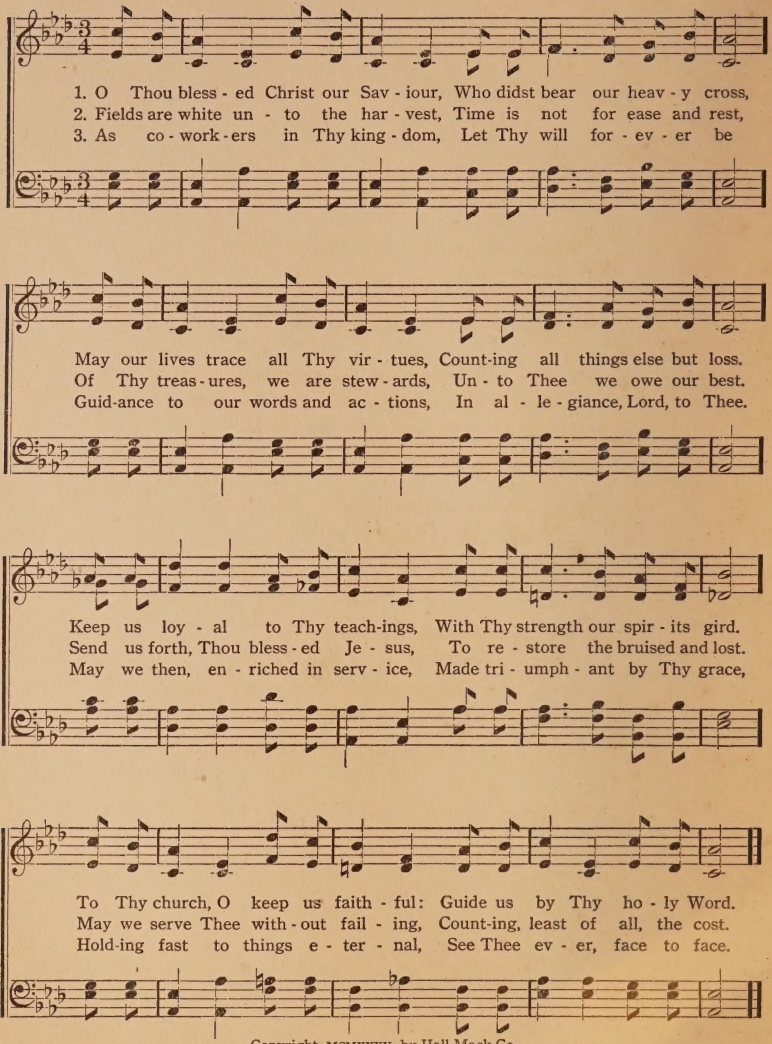
May our thoughts, our words and actions,
Be inspired by what is right,
Conscience then will ne'er rebuke us—
God Himself will be our light.

Blessed joy of living purely,
Seeing Jesus face to face,
To commune with Him, our Saviour
Is to fill the soul with grace.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D.D.

O Thou Blessed Christ Our Saviour.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D. D. Geoffrey O'Hara.


1. O Thou bless - ed Christ our Sav - iour, Who didst bear our heav - y cross,
2. Fields are white un - to the har - vest, Time is not for ease and rest,
3. As co - work - ers in Thy king - dom, Let Thy will for - ev - er be
May our lives trace all Thy vir - tues, Count-ing all things else but loss.
Of Thy treas - ures, we are stew - ards, Un - to Thee we owe our best.
Guid-ance to our words and ac - tions, In al - le - giance, Lord, to Thee.
Keep us loy - al to Thy teach-ings, With Thy strength our spir - its gird.
Send us forth, Thou bless - ed Je - sus, To re - store the bruised and lost.
May we then, en - riched in serv - ice, Made tri - umph - ant by Thy grace,
To Thy church, O keep us faith - ful: Guide us by Thy ho - ly Word.
May we serve Thee with - out fail - ing, Count-ing, least of all, the cost.
Hold-ing fast to things e - ter - nal, See Thee ev - er, face to face.

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PRAYER

Where can we place our God in prayer
  In days of trouble and of care?
Lo, God to us is very near,
  Our supplications He doth hear.

A talk with Him helps make things right,
  It calms our thoughts, puts fears to flight,
It lifts great burdens from our souls,
  It eases pangs and grief consoles.

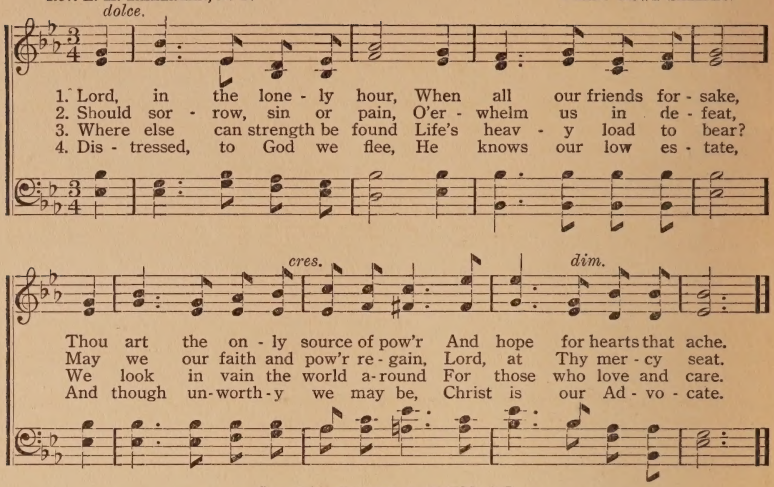
Lord in such fellowship with Thee,
  May we Thy plans the better see,
That we may open ways to Thine,
  To do the will that is Divine.

Thy wisdom Lord, dost never fail,
  To trust in Thee is to prevail,
None from Thee Lord, is turned away—
  So teach us how, we ought to pray.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D.D.

Power.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D. D. — Harry Rowe Shelley.


dolce.
1. Lord, in the lone - ly hour, When all our friends for - sake,
2. Should sor - row, sin or pain, O'er - whelm us in de - feat,
3. Where else can strength be found Life's heav - y load to bear?
4. Dis - tressed, to God we flee, He knows our low es - tate,
cres.
dim.
Thou art the on - ly source of pow'r And hope for hearts that ache.
May we our faith and pow'r re - gain, Lord, at Thy mer - cy seat.
We look in vain the world a - round For those who love and care.
And though un - worth - y we may be, Christ is our Ad - vo - cate.

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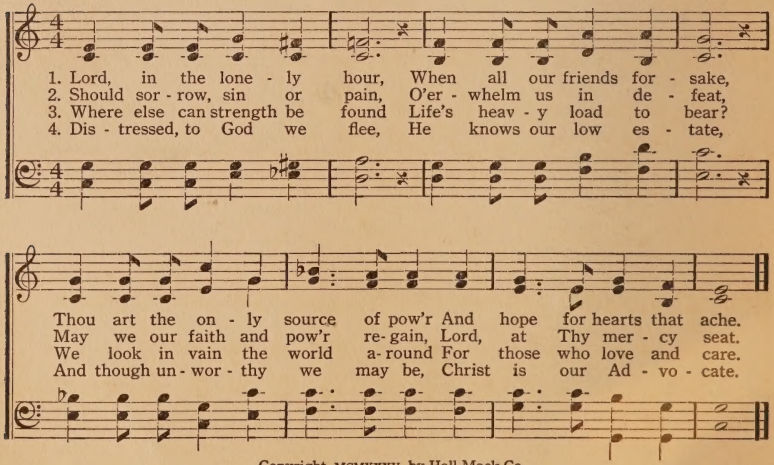
Power.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D. D. (Alternate Tune.)

Geoffrey O'Hara.


1. Lord, in the lone - ly hour, When all our friends for - sake,
2. Should sor - row, sin or pain, O'er - whelm us in de - feat,
3. Where else can strength be found Life's heav - y load to bear?
4. Dis - tressed, to God we flee, He knows our low es - tate,
Thou art the on - ly source of pow'r And hope for hearts that ache.
May we our faith and pow'r re - gain, Lord, at Thy mer - cy seat.
We look in vain the world a - round For those who love and care.
And though un - wor - thy we may be, Christ is our Ad - vo - cate.

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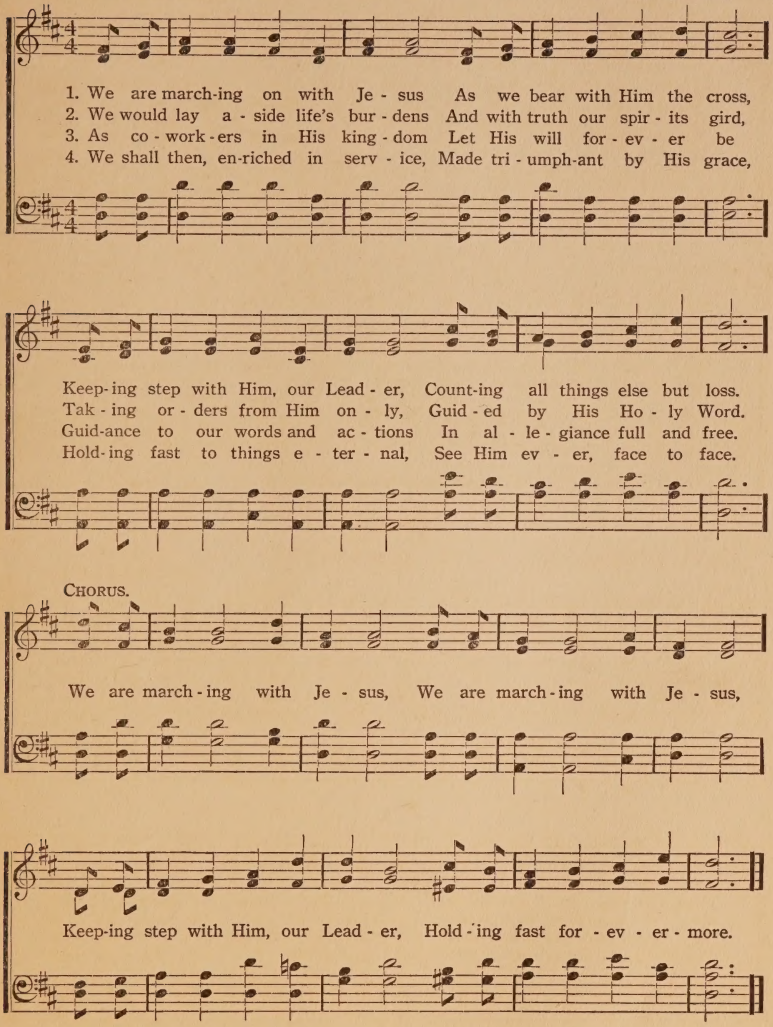
Marching On with Jesus.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D. D. Reuben Windisch.


1. We are march-ing on with Je - sus As we bear with Him the cross,
2. We would lay a - side life's bur - dens And with truth our spir - its gird,
3. As co - work - ers in His king - dom Let His will for - ev - er be
4. We shall then, en-riched in serv - ice, Made tri - umph-ant by His grace,
Keep-ing step with Him, our Lead - er, Count-ing all things else but loss.
Tak - ing or - ders from Him on - ly, Guid - ed by His Ho - ly Word.
Guid-ance to our words and ac - tions In al - le - giance full and free.
Hold-ing fast to things e - ter - nal, See Him ev - er, face to face.
Chorus.
We are march - ing with Je - sus, We are march - ing with Je - sus,
Keep-ing step with Him, our Lead - er, Hold - ing fast for - ev - er - more.

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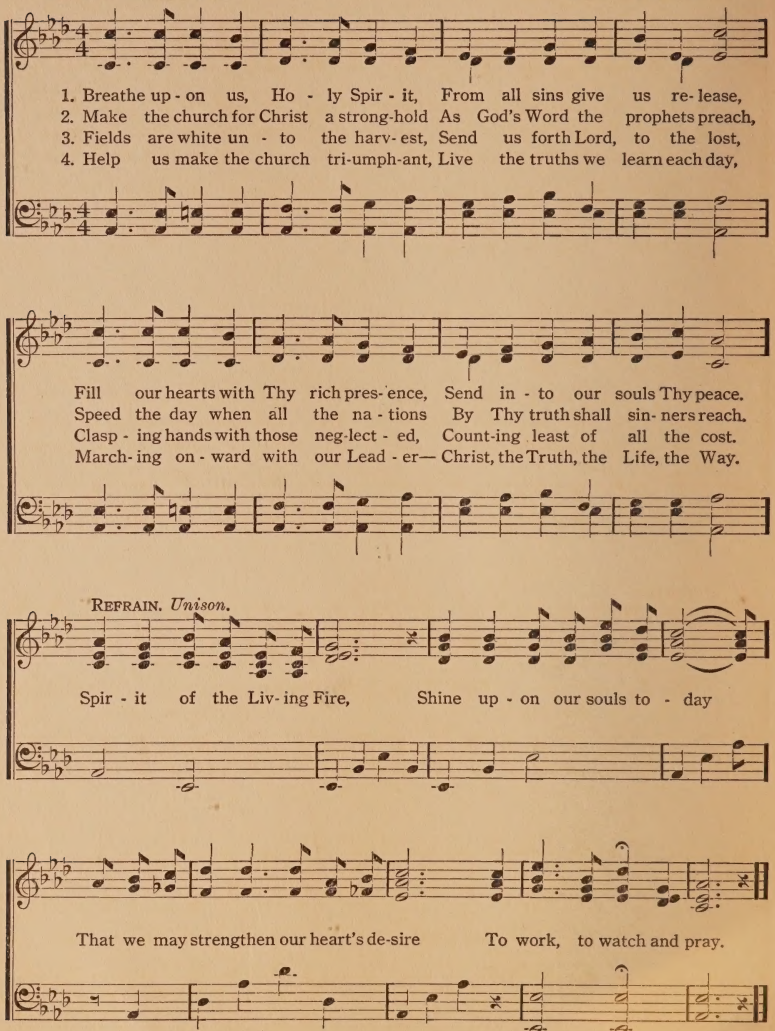
The Church.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman. D. D. Clarence Kohlmann.


1. Breathe up - on us, Ho - ly Spir - it, From all sins give us re- lease,
2. Make the church for Christ a strong-hold As God's Word the prophets preach,
3. Fields are white un - to the harv- est, Send us forth Lord, to the lost,
4. Help us make the church tri-umph-ant, Live the truths we learn each day,
Fill our hearts with Thy rich pres- ence, Send in - to our souls Thy peace.
Speed the day when all the na - tions By Thy truth shall sin- ners reach.
Clasp - ing hands with those neg-lect - ed, Count-ing least of all the cost.
March- ing on - ward with our Lead - er— Christ, the Truth, the Life, the Way.
Refrain. Unison.
Spir - it of the Liv- ing Fire, Shine up - on our souls to - day
That we may strengthen our heart's de-sire To work, to watch and pray.

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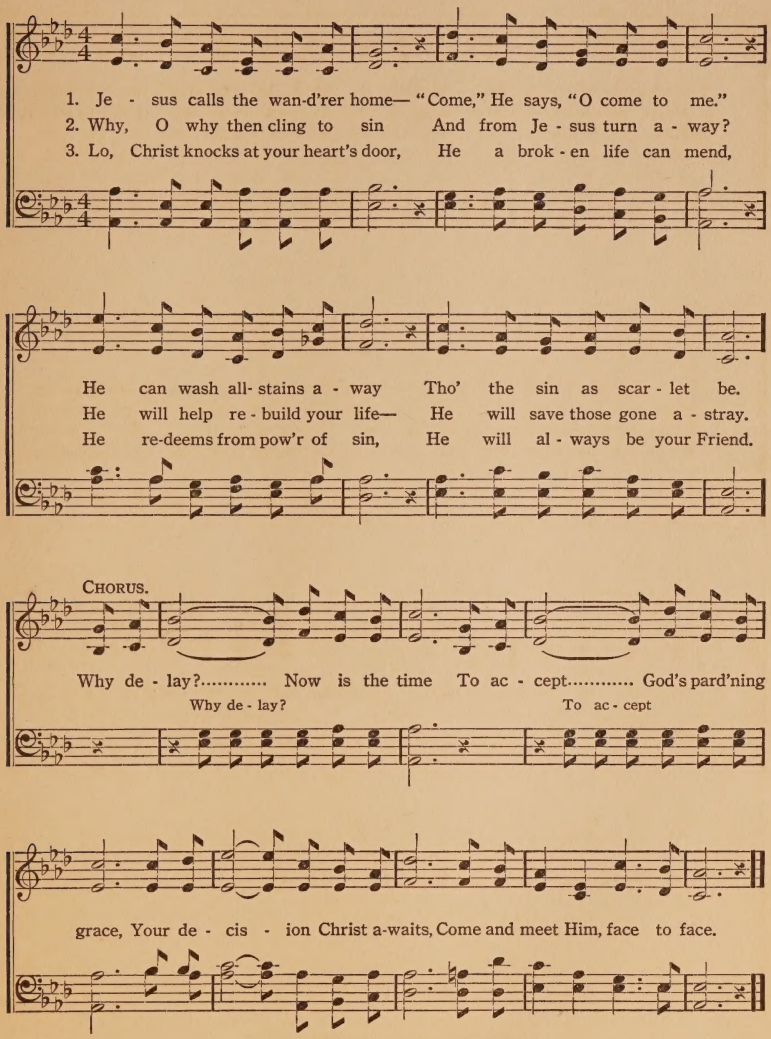
The Sinner's Friend.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D. D. Reuben Windisch.


1. Je - sus calls the wan-d'rer home— "Come," He says, "O come to me."
2. Why, O why then cling to sin And from Je - sus turn a - way?
3. Lo, Christ knocks at your heart's door, He a brok - en life can mend,
He can wash all- stains a - way Tho' the sin as scar - let be.
He will help re - build your life— He will save those gone a - stray.
He re-deems from pow'r of sin, He will al - ways be your Friend.
Chorus.
Why de - lay?..... Now is the time To ac - cept..... God's pard'ning
Why de - lay?
To ac - cept
grace, Your de - cis - ion Christ a-waits, Come and meet Him, face to face.

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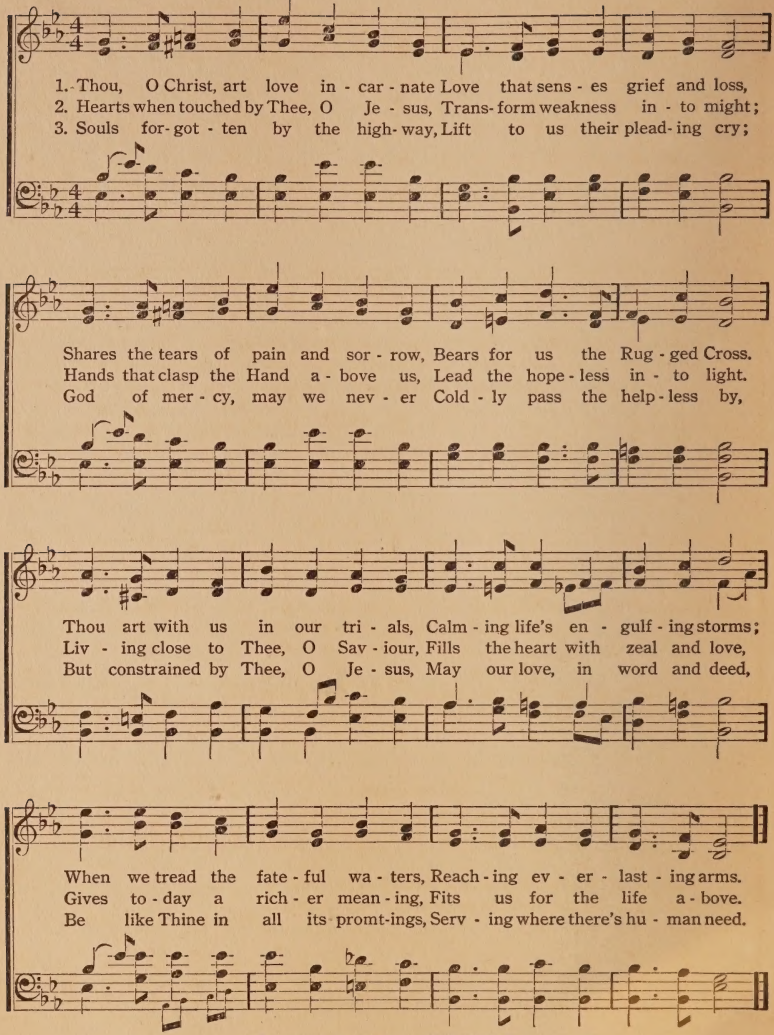
Love Incarnate.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D. D. B. D. Ackley.


1. Thou, O Christ, art love in - car - nate Love that sens - es grief and loss,
2. Hearts when touched by Thee, O Je - sus, Trans- form weakness in - to might;
3. Souls for- got - ten by the high- way, Lift to us their plead- ing cry;
Shares the tears of pain and sor - row, Bears for us the Rug - ged Cross.
Hands that clasp the Hand a - bove us, Lead the hope - less in - to light.
God of mer - cy, may we nev - er Cold - ly pass the help - less by,
Thou art with us in our tri - als, Calm - ing life's en - gulf - ing storms;
Liv - ing close to Thee, O Sav - iour, Fills the heart with zeal and love,
But constrained by Thee, O Je - sus, May our love, in word and deed,
When we tread the fate - ful wa - ters, Reach - ing ev - er - last - ing arms.
Gives to - day a rich - er mean - ing, Fits us for the life a - bove.
Be like Thine in all its promt-ings, Serv - ing where there's hu - man need.

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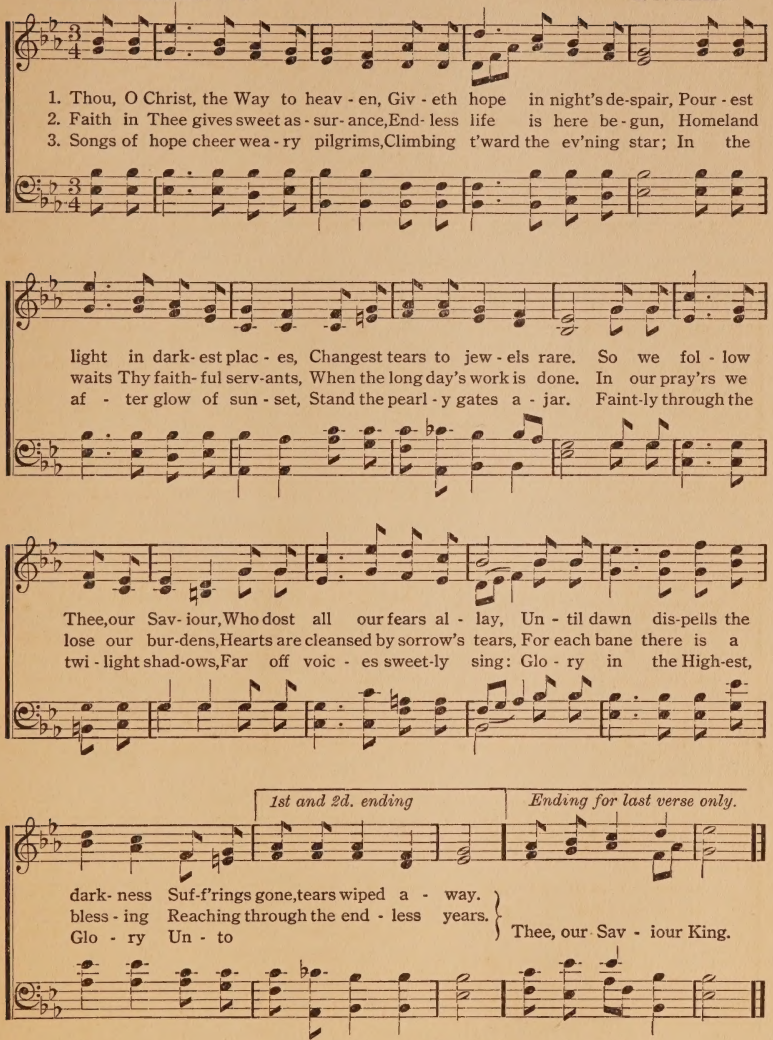
Hymn of Hope.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D. D. B. D. Ackley.


1. Thou, O Christ, the Way to heav - en, Giv - eth hope in night's de-spair, Pour - est
2. Faith in Thee gives sweet as - sur - ance, End - less life is here be - gun, Homeland
3. Songs of hope cheer wea - ry pilgrims, Climbing t'ward the ev'ning star; In the
light in dark - est plac - es, Changest tears to jew - els rare. So we fol - low
waits Thy faith - ful serv-ants, When the long day's work is done. In our pray'rs we
af - ter glow of sun - set, Stand the pearl - y gates a - jar. Faint-ly through the
Thee, our Sav - iour, Who dost all our fears al - lay, Un - til dawn dis-pells the
lose our bur-dens, Hearts are cleansed by sorrow's tears, For each bane there is a
twi - light shad-ows, Far off voic - es sweet-ly sing: Glo - ry in the High-est,
1st and 2d. ending
Ending for last verse only.
dark - ness Suf-f'rings gone, tears wiped a - way.
bless - ing Reaching through the end - less years.
Glo - ry Un - to
Thee, our Sav - iour King.

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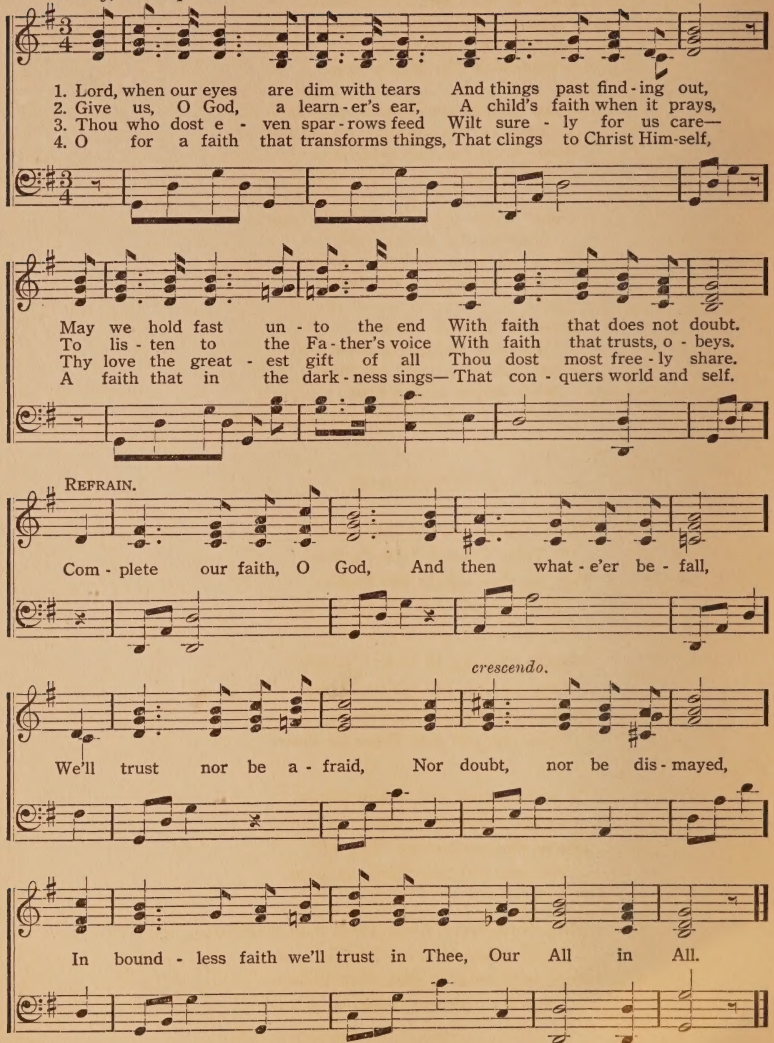
Faith.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D. D. C. Austin Miles.

Slowly, with expression.


1. Lord, when our eyes are dim with tears And things past find-ing out,
2. Give us, O God, a learn-er's ear, A child's faith when it prays,
3. Thou who dost e-ven spar-rows feed Wilt sure-ly for us care—
4. O for a faith that transforms things, That clings to Christ Him-self,
May we hold fast un-to the end With faith that does not doubt.
To lis-ten to the Fa-ther's voice With faith that trusts, o-beys.
Thy love the great-est gift of all Thou dost most free-ly share.
A faith that in the dark-ness sings— That con-quers world and self.
Refrain.
Com-plete our faith, O God, And then what-e'er be-fall,
crescendo.
We'll trust nor be a-fraid, Nor doubt, nor be dis-mayed,
In bound-less faith we'll trust in Thee, Our All in All.

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CHRISTMAS

Come to the Child of Christmas,
  Come to the Saviour King,
Bring to Him adoration
  And with the angels sing.

Come with your hearts rejoicing,
  Come to the Christ your Friend,
Make room for His abiding
  And treasures to Him send.

Come with the Christ-Child spirit,
  Come at the mercy seat,
Come all nations—adore Him,
  Come worship at His feet.

Glory to God in Heaven,
  Good-will and peace arise
From lips of praise rejoicing,
  With angels in the skies.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D.D.

GETHSEMANE

When Gethsemane looms near us
  O Thou Blessed Father's Son,
May we then say to the Father:
  "Not my will but Thine be done."

Though the cup be one of anguish,
  May we not the sorrow shun,
Rather cry to God contritely:
  "Not my will but Thine be done."

In our prayers and supplications,
  Selfish pleas may there be none,
But in all may we say "Father,"
  Not my will but Thine be done."

Then we'll have God's peace and comfort,
  In all plans that are begun,
And we'll sing to Him, our Father:
  "Not my will but Thine be done."

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D.D.

CALVARY

Lord, at Thy cross we bow in prayer
Who for our sins the cross didst bear,
Yea, Thou didst die that we might live,
For us Thine all, Lord, Thou didst give.

Oh how can we God's love forget,
Since on the cross Christ paid our debt;
We worship Thee, bow at Thy feet—
God's sacrifice for sin complete.

Blest Jesus may we ever be
A living sacrifice for Thee,
That Calvary may us inspire
And set our hearts for Thee on fire.

Oh wonders of supremest love
The love of God from heav'n above,
Who gave His Son to set us free
Upon the cross at Calvary.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D.D.

EASTER

Easter rings the bells of heaven,
Fills the earth with joyful sound,
Angels sing in songs triumphant
Glad'ning hearts the world around.

Life, Eternal Life, cries Jesus
Standing by the empty tomb.
He's not dead. Lo, He is risen
And from death has banished gloom.

Death is but an open doorway
Where with Christ there'll be no night,
For we'll pass through God's own portals
Into Everlasting Light.

Thus immortal souls march homeward,
Death is robbed of all its sting,
And with loved ones gone before them—
Joyfully they serve the King.

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D.D.